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# NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

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# GERMANY AND OUR FUTURE

ow does this war look to the common man the second anniversary of Hitler's invasion the Soviet Union? To the Russian, who has dured what few people in history have ever d to endure, the one object in life is to end e war by throwing the German Army out of e U.S.S.R. as quickly as possible. Beyond at he may cherish some feelings of vengeance cause of the appalling suffering inflicted on ussia, but his real interest will be to rebuild s devastated country in security against future gression. The notion of vengeance will pass; e problem for security is permanent—and it not only a German problem. In the West ople in democratic countries watch the day-y-day bombing of German towns, without, in r experience, finding pleasure in the destruction homes and the killing of civilians, but with e hope that within Germany there will appear at crack in morale which the experts have ways prophesied. Italian breakdown they ex-ect. They assume the necessity of invasion. ut if the German production machine and the erman belief in their government are shattered y bombing, the final stages should be less costly d less protracted. Meanwhile in occupied untries the prospect of liberation intensifies sistance and also brings to the surface internal ruggles which are reflected in recurrent crises the exiled governments in this country. The ruggle of the Yugoslav cabinet which we alysed in a leading article this week, is not nique, but typical. The problem is complex, cial as well as national, and it will not be lved unless the popular forces which have orne the brunt of resistance against the Nazis e freed after the war and encouraged to form e basis of a new European system.

What of internal Germany, the central citadel Axis power? The evidence is significant ut fragmentary; to interpret it we must recall at Goebbels no longer hopes to disguise the sults of Allied bombing. He admits the evastation and explains away "grumbles" ue to temporary administrative breakdown; ut he strives always to hide the emergence of pinion that is opposed to the Nazi regime. A rtnight ago in an article on Popular Fallacies e summarised the evidence that this "other ermany" was beginning to reappear, and pointed out that it is as foolish to expect after ten years of Hitler's terror and propaganda that there can be a "resistance movement" ready "to take over" defeated Germany as it is sentimental and unrealistic to talk as if the problem of Germany and of European security could be solved by the occupation and "re-education" of the Reich by any outside victorious force.

This week we may cite a few pieces of further evidence which take us beyond the signs of ca' canny among workers, the revolt of students in German Universities and the condemnation of Nazi lawlessness by dignitaries of the Church.

In Hamburg, for instance, Gauleiter Kauffman complains not only of "occasional bleating," but of "systematic bleating," which is "dangerous," because it originates from "a negative basic attitude." On the same platform Prof. Schrewe complains that the "oppositional intelligentsia" is beginning to extend its influence over youth. He defines this opposition as existing in "leading men and women from the Party, State, armed forces, economic, scientific and cultural life." "Youth," he declares, "wants to see its ideals and to fight for them," and he declares war against an intelligentsia which undermines youthful enthusiasm. He admits that the "opposing power" of this intelligentsia is inducing "many young people to fail to do their duty." "Only one thing avails against the opposing powers of destruction—*hardness*."

These anti-Nazi corruptors of youth are no doubt aided by the administrative breakdown which has overburdened the state officials. Catholic and Protestant leaders in bombed areas have organised voluntary systems of social welfare which are to benefit all irrespective of race and creed. If Nazi social machinery breaks down under bombing those whose ideology is different get their opportunity.

Nor are bombed-out districts alone affected. The local Nazi paper in a University town in South-West Germany day by day attacks various groups of opposition. There are Christians who have "kind hearts."

> A kind heart is no longer enough in this time of strife. We are in the midst of a trial which has been imposed upon the entire German people and nobody can calmly remain aloof and withdraw from daily life on account of his "kind heart." . . . This zeal for the "kind heart" may become a great nuisance and even a danger.

On the following day the paper went so far as to remind its public that—

> even *a people without a government* would quickly be forced to decide whether it wanted to fight and live or surrender and perish. And such a people, without a strong leadership, would be doomed from the very outset, as this war has often shown.

Most significant of all is an admonition in a recent issue of the official Party organ, *Völkischer Beobachter*.

> We party members in particular, this article of Sunday, June 14th, 1943, declares, must acknowledge our close links with the Party, even though this may require a good deal of "civil courage" . . . to appear and act as a *Parteigenosse* in everyday life and at all times is hard and by no means always pleasant.

This is certainly a remarkable admission. What are we to deduce when to wear a Nazi badge ceases to be an object of pride in Germany? Not too much. But this—that the strain in Germany is telling and that groups of many kinds now dare to show hostility to the Nazi swashbuckler. Some hope to buy immunity by a change of front (Dr. Schacht is said to be preparing for a new rôle by getting himself put under house arrest by the S.S.!); many workers will be delighted to fraternise with foreigners in the factories and to show contempt for Nazi overlords and to dream again, as they used to do, of socialism and an international order. Some christians take heart and express their opposition to Nazi amoralism and their belief in salvation through the kindliness of personal relations. Courageous students declare that they are ashamed of Nazi outrages and desire to become part of a decent Europe. These are hopeful signs and may be the basis of an intelligent policy; they are still far from constituting an organised movement.

There will be chaos when we occupy Germany; occupation can only be temporary. Within these emerging groups we must find the Germans with whom in the future we shall have to live on friendly terms. It is these ideologically anti-Nazi groups we should encourage by our propaganda and our policy. If Germany is to be "re-educated" it is from such groups that the new outlook will come. Re-education cannot be imposed from outside; we can only create the conditions for it and remove this time (we failed to do so in 1918) the Junkers, the great industrialists and the officer caste. We should also carry out a thorough purge of the civil service. A drastic shift in Germany's social structure is the first condition of success and of security. The second condition can only be assured by changes within the victorious Powers. It was the industrialists of Britain and America who up to the very eve of war provided the Nazis with the raw materials without which they could not have made war. And it was our failure after the last war to create a Europe in which economic prosperity was possible, that gave the powerful military forces of Germany their second chance. Here are two changes without which there can be no real victory. First, to destroy Nazi and military Germany while acting as midwife to a common people's Germany; and secondly, to create a European system in which all the peoples of Europe can see hope of a life free from want and fear. Here is the task of our time; unless we succeed in this there can be no security for any of us however complete our victory may for the moment appear.

## The New Viceroy

The change of Viceroys gives an opportunity for a new attempt to break the vicious circle of Anglo-Indian politics and to obtain the co-operation of Indians. The only chance of attaining this is for Field-Marshal Wavell to begin *de novo*. He should announce that, as a soldier unversed in past political quarrels and present political niceties (and nastinesses) sees it, the first necessity is to win the war. That is the common interest of both the British and Indians, and the first thing to do is to work out together the means of co-operation in the defence of India and the war against Japan. With that object the Viceroy should interview Gandhi and attempt to arrive at a settlement with him which would postpone the constitutional question until the end of the war—a postponement which is now, under any circumstances, inevitable—and enable the Government to release prisoners. He should allow any responsible Indian to visit any of the prisoners in order to discuss the basis of a settlement and should announce that he will welcome any overtures and give personal consideration to any proposals.

## U.S. Mining Strike

John L. Lewis compelled the Government to accept responsibility for the operation of the mines. At the same time he has succeeded in by-passing the National War Labour Board whose jurisdiction he disputed. The Board rejected both the miners' original claim for a wage increase of two dollars a day, and, more recently, for portal to portal pay, which it interpreted as an attempt to obtain a disguised wage increase. A return to work was ordered on the basis of the old contract subject to minor adjustments. It suggested recourse to the Courts on the claim for portal to portal pay. Irrespective of the merits of the miners' claim, for which there was much sympathy among the workers generally, the Board could not have granted Lewis's demands without departing from the administration's wage stabilisation policy, which it had no power to do. Lewis has ignored the Board, but he is in effect carrying out its advice, and does so by negotiating with Mr. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior and Fuel Administrator, instead of with the Board. This has been his policy throughout, as he has frequently stated that the miners would work for the Government and not for the coal-owners. With the Government in control of the mines peace should now be maintained until October 31st, by which time no doubt it is hoped the Court decision will be handed down. By calling three brief strikes in the American coal mining industry during a critical phase of the war John L. Lewis has demonstrated the power he still exercises as the coal miners' leader and produced evidence of the union loyalty of the miners. Lewis's forcible tactics have forced Federal control of the mines, but as yet won nothing concrete for the miners.

## U.S. War Production

Mr. Donald Nelson, in his report on war production, states that in 1942 the level of civilian consumption rose considerably above the 1939 level, while the proportion of U.S. national output going to defence rose from 1.5 per cent. to 40 per cent. This means that total output rose by more than 60 per cent. In 1943 it is expected that civilian consumption must fall by 10 per cent. to 15 per cent., but, even so, *per capita* consumption will remain at a higher level than in 1939, except for some categories of commodities, of which the most important are durable consumer goods (such as radio sets), clothing, petrol and medical services. The British reader, with virtuously tightened belt, is likely to be torn between satisfaction at knowing what a huge hump our Ally still has to draw upon and self-righteous surprise at learning that so little of the fat has yet been consumed. Before indulging in self-congratulation, however, it would be wise to consider how our own standard of life would strike a Russian civilian. The task of cutting American civilian consumption by even the 15 per cent. contemplated will be by no means easy. Raw material controls can doubtless prevent goods from reaching the market, but the purchasing power will still be very large, and with rationing in an embryonic state and income tax, by British standards, at a very moderate level, inflationary pressure will be formidable indeed.

The fact that output has risen by 60 per cent. in spite of all the muddles and confusions of the transition to war production—on which Mr. Nelson makes some refreshingly candid comments—is a remarkable indication of the wastefulness of capitalism in normal conditions; all the more so because 1939 was a prosperous year, by capitalist standards. Mr. Nelson considers that it is not too soon to begin planning for the transition to peace, in certain specific respects: "How to proceed with the necessary reduction in the output of munitions; what disposition to make of the Government inventories of peace-type products; what policy is to be adopted for Government-owned industrial facilities erected during war; and a host of similar important policy decisions. The price of unpreparedness for war has been rather high; the cost of unpreparedness for orderly transition from war to peace may not be so dramatic, but can be extremely high nevertheless." On the general question of how the latent productiveness of American industry revealed by the war can be found an outlet in peacetime he prefers to be silent and to allow his figures to speak for themselves.

## Service Pensions

The Cabinet, it is reported, is considering the proposals of the Minister of Pensions for revising the pensions system. One of the greatest anomalies of the present system is that a man who is passed fit for service may be invalided out of the Forces and denied any claim to pension on the ground that the doctor who recommends his discharge is of the opinion that his illness is not due to service conditions. On the subject of rehabilitation of severely wounded men, the Minister of Pensions speaks very sympathetically, and tells us that the motto of his department is, "Money payment is not enough." But in practice he seems to be dominated by the "Ministry of Finance." In reply to a question in the House the other day he said, "I could not recommend that the State should be made liable for the whole range of ailments which affect the population as a whole, merely because they occurred during a period of service, without being in any way influenced by its conditions." The British Legion is not asking for so much; it is merely asking that the onus of proof should be transferred, so that a pension cannot be withheld unless the authorities can show that the illness was not due to service. But supposing the State were made liable for all ailments occurring during a period of service, what then? Sickness is a burden on the nation as a whole, and the question of who pays for the maintenance of the sick is a question of distributive justice. Would it b very grave injustice if the nation as a whole to bear the cost of sickness incurred du service, without going into the question (w obviously must contain a large element of gu work at the best) of exactly how far the sick was due to service? Subsidising illness is diff from subsidising sugar-beet. It does not c the supply to increase. This is surely a c where an error on the side of generosity can possibly do any harm.

## Conference Aftermath (*by our Parliamenta Correspondent*)

Much discussion has been taking place Labour circles about last week's Conference. heard one junior Minister congratulating a c league on the fact that the Conference appea more disposed to support the Government t even the Labour Ministers themselves. The v of Ernest Bevin was not heard there, but, rumour be correct, he had a great deal to do w the decisions. His hand is seen in the nominati of Greenwood for the Treasurership to forest Morrison's bid for leadership; in the Chairma welcome of Rhys Davies to the stand at the f session which had the effect of once again drawi the pacifist red herring across the trail and turni the mind of the Conference from more awkwa controversies. He is understood to have promp Arthur Deakin as to how his Union's block-v should be cast on important issues.

There has been much angry corresponden sent by outraged constituents to Labour M.P about the Party's alleged adoption of a "Va sittart" policy towards Germany. It would well if all those who were indignant knew some the facts, and bare in mind that the actual tex the amendment was not in fact Vansittartite, as th word is usually understood. Many months ago n a certain Mr. Walter Loeb, a German Jewish ref gee who had once been associated with the Germ Social-Democratic Party, joined with Mr. Ja Walker and a number of other Trade Uni M.P.s and officials to found the "Fight f Freedom" organisation to carry on propagan within the Labour Movement on lines since kno as "Vansittartite." This movement appear have made very little progress among the r and file of the Party, but has secured some supp among the "high-ups." Irritated by its activiti a group of pacifists and near-pacifists led by Co Stokes and Messer began a counter-agitation the local Labour Parties with the object of getti resolutions put down to Conference condemni the participation of Labour people in "Fight f Freedom."

Some months before the Conference an attem was made by those who were at once pro-war a anti-Nazi to persuade them of the tactical stupid of challenging the Unions on the action of so of their leaders. It was pointed out that th might thus tie a "pro-Vansittart" resolution rou the neck of the Party instead of leaving in fo a more satisfactory statement on policy made b Attlee in the early days of the war. Just befo Conference the Executive discussed the who question and decided to present a mo reasoned statement of policy on Germany ne year. This suggestion was put forward by t Chairman at the beginning of the debate, but such weak terms that neither side paid attentio Charlie Dukes, the Municipal and Gener Workers Secretary, made a very able and balanc speech on the whole subject, but nominally support of the pro-Vansittart amendment. Aft this the attempt was made by many delegat including those of the Transport and Gener Workers to move the previous question and to g the Executive to go further into the matter. this time it must have been obvious what t results of a vote would be, but tactics are not strong point of the Cove-Stokes group, and th still insisted on a vote being taken. About seve eighths of the Divisional Parties voted against t Vansittartite amendment, which was carried b the block-vote of the most important Unio including at the last moment that of the Transp and General Workers.

Following this session, a meeting of about a
ndred delegates took place under the chairman-
p of Aneurin Bevan which passed an indignant
udiation of the Conference decision on the
tter. When Bevan went on, however, to advo-
e the formation of something like a new
alist League, the meeting of delegates
edily broke up.

There is little doubt that Duke's speech rather
n the wording of the amendment represents the general views of the Party, including those of the Trade Union delegates. This was shown by Will Lawther's broadcast of encouragement to the German miners, delivered on the evening of the day that he had spoken in support of the pro-Vansittart amendment on the floor of Conference.

The New Executive will be well-advised to carry out the original suggestion of drawing up a balanced statement on the whole German question for presentation at the next Conference.

# YUGO-SLAVIA: A TEST CASE

MIGRÉS are subject to a peculiar psychological
ocess. Out of touch with the real movements
opinion in their own countries, they degenerate
o complacency and intolerance. We are all
miliar with the symptoms of this disease and
n usually afford to ignore it. It becomes a
tter of political importance, however, when it
ects exiled Governments; for they have a
al status and claim to be the legitimate repre-
ntatives of their peoples. On the Continent,
der the Gestapo reign of terror, people fight
d die; as they struggle their outlook changes,
ir illusions are shattered and new hopes are
n. Meanwhile the "legitimist" émigrés
e among the shadows of the past.

In the case of Yugoslavia, the gap between
igré government and struggling population
especially wide, because the enemy's oppression
particularly violent, the victims of the struggle
e extremely numerous and their life is par-
ularly difficult. On the other hand, the exiled
vernment mainly represented a regime of
few hundred people who are very much
mpromised by their past. It was headed
politicians, advanced in years and reac-
nary in outlook and methods. Some of
m still live in the period before the
lkan Wars. This is the real cause for the
manent crisis of the Yugoslav Government,
ich has lasted now for two years and reached
climax in the downfall of Premier Jovanovich.

Why has Jovanovich resigned? Indirectly,
has been overthrown by Montgomery, Alex-
der, and Eisenhower. He was deposed by the
lied victory in North Africa and by the prospect
an Allied invasion. Once national liberation
gins to look like a practical possibility, each
iled Government is compelled to decide on a
ogramme which would be acceptable to its
ople. Jovanovich and his Cabinet were un-
le to do this. That is why their government
ll.

The Cabinet of Slobodan Jovanovich never
d a positive programme at all, and discussion
out such a programme was never seriously
rted. It is not even clear, whether his Govern-
nt desired the existence of "Yugoslavia"
all. Some of the Cabinet Ministers wished
establish some kind of Greater Serbia with a
stic racial programme. Other Ministers wanted
strong Yugoslavia ruled by a strong Serbia—
ich would have meant the continuation of the
gemony of the ruling Serbian clique, which
ined Yugoslavia. A third group wished to
ate a democratic and federal Yugoslavia with
ual rights for all her nationalities. During the
t eighteen months, Jovanovich seems not to
ve pressed his Cabinet to agree upon any
sitive programme. During the same period,
Minister of War, Mihailovich, was carrying
t his essentially Pan-Serbian programme,
hting the partisans and the Croats and accepting
lian help in doing so. Jovanovich did not
ndemn this collaboration with the enemy,
r the fratricidal fighting in his own country,
r the Pan-Serbian programme. This fact has
creased the confusion and certainly diminished
Yugoslavia the influence of the Government
London. Therefore the resistance movements
thin the country developed independently of
e Government, which does not to-day control
e People's Liberation movement or the Croat
asant Party which are carrying on the fight.
or has the Cabinet as a whole ever given direc-
ns to General Mihailovich.

Within the Cabinet, Jovanovich occupied all the important positions. He was Prime Minister, chief of Propaganda Foreign and Home Secretary and *de facto* Minister of the Army, Navy and Air Force. This would seem rather too much of an undertaking for a septuagenarian. Not even Mussolini has succeeded in accumulating more portfolios at the same time. One of the results of this accumulation of power in the hands of one man, who could not effectively wield it, was the emergence of the so-called "Military Cabinet," consisting of three majors who acted as if they were preparing for a military dictatorship on their return to the country. All this went on under cover of Professor Jovanovich's authority.

The relations between Jovanovich's Cabinet and the great Allies has not improved. The Soviet Government have firmly adhered to their point of view regarding General Mihailovich, as expressed in a formal note in August 1942, when they accused him of collaboration with the Axis. It is significant that neither this important note, nor the answer to be given to it, was ever discussed in the Yugoslav Cabinet. Jovanovich has made a practice of withholding important diplomatic notes and letters from his Cabinet. His Cabinet Ministers have not even been informed of official letters on the most vital subjects of policy sent to the Yugoslav Government by British statesmen. Relations with the United States have also deteriorated. Recently Mr. Elmer Davis publicly condemned the Pan-Serbian organisation which is supported by the Yugoslav Ambassador in Washington, Mr. Fotich. The Yugoslav émigrés in America, Serbs as well as Croats and Slovenes, bitterly criticised the Yugoslav Government in London for their policy in general, for their attitude towards the partisans, and, in particular, for their adverse attitude towards the Croats. The Ban (Governor), Dr. Subasich, former head of the autonomous Croat administration in Yugoslavia, at present living in the U.S.A., came to London in the spring of this year, summoned by King Peter to discuss the future of Serb-Croat relations. Professor Jovanovich refused to act in accordance with the Serbo-Croat Agreement concluded in 1939, which is legally valid. Dr. Subasich, a Yugoslav volunteer of the last World War and Member of Parliament belonging to the Croat Peasant Party, returned to America and broke off relations with the Cabinet of Jovanovich, accusing him of an anti-Yugoslav policy.

That is how matters stand as we enter the invasion phase of the war. The Yugoslav Government has been asked by its Allies to state its policy for Yugoslavia. Within this government two rival points of view have developed. Jovanovich was willing to issue a declaration pledging the government to restore a federal and democratic Yugoslavia, but it was clear that he had no thought of changing his anti-democratic and anti-Croat policy. Dr. Krnjevich agreed to the declaration, but also asked for a new policy based on the support of all the peoples in Yugoslavia. Finally, in order to resolve the dilemma, Dr. Krnjevich demanded that the actions of the Government should be brought into accord with the principles of the proposed declaration, and he took the view that Jovanovich could not himself put through such a change of policy. With one exception, all the members of the Cabinet were critical of Jovanovich's attitude, though some wished to prolong the crisis and make another attempt to work together. Javanovich, however, resigned, and King Peter accepted his resignation.

Why was this Cabinet unable to reach an agreement? There are two obvious answers, both of them inadequate. The Cabinet crisis was not due to the clash of personalities, nor was it merely the result of the Serbo-Croat conflict. Its real cause lies deeper and extends beyond Yugoslavia. This crisis is merely the Yugoslav reflex of a general European situation.

Two main problems are inescapable when any aspect of Yugoslav policy crops up. They are, first, Serbo-Croat relations and, secondly, the relations between the "partisans" and Mihailovich. Any Yugoslav government that cannot resolve these two problems within itself must sooner or later prove unstable and end as the Jovanovich Cabinet has ended.

Yugoslavia is divided into seven parts. The old State machinery on which the ruling Serbian clique based its power has been broken by the war. When that is remembered, it becomes obvious that the two questions of the relations between Serbs and Croats and between partisans and Mihailovich become merged into a single problem. Is the new Yugoslavia after the war to be built so that it represents, as far as possible, the will of the people in Yugoslavia, or is the object only to restore the power of those who have been dethroned by the war? Those who favour the second policy claim that it will accord with the future line of British and American diplomacy. On the other hand, there are certainly enlightened and responsible people in Britain who see that it would be a fatal mistake to make such an attempt. They see that there is a grave danger of breaking Yugoslavia up into a number of mutually antagonistic States—a Greater Serbia, a Greater Croatia, and a Greater Slovenia.

To-day, nobody except a few exiled politicians and functionaries really desires to restore the pre-war Yugoslavia with its old incompetent administration, its discredited social organisation and system of national oppression. In Yugoslavia itself, whenever groups of the people have been able to express their opinion, they have declared themselves for a democratic and federal Yugoslavia with equal rights for all national groups. The millions of Yugoslav emigrants overseas have testified to the same desire; those who fight for democracy within Yugoslavia will not believe in a new Cabinet, which is no more than the old Jovanovich government slightly reshuffled. The next Yugoslav government should be the Government of the Invasion.

Thus there is a choice of two roads. If the government stands for "legitimist" authority and seeks to use the power of the Allies to establish itself in Yugoslavia and to restore the old discredited machinery during the Allied occupation, the only result will be civil war and the end of such a government when Allied forces cease to protect it. If that is the policy the exact composition of the next Yugoslav government is of no great importance, since it would not be accepted by the people.

The other road is to seek a new government capable of obtaining the confidence of all popular forces resisting the Germans, whether Serbs, Croats or Slovenes. To do this the government must be enlarged and made representative. It must include younger people, particularly among the Serb members of the Cabinet. Such a government would be an asset to the Allies when the time comes for invasion. A reshuffled edition of the old government would only be a liability.

Here, posed in the sharpest terms, is the choice which confronts most of the exiled governments now in Britain. A crisis has arrived in the Yugoslav case; but the essential elements of this crisis are familiar to anyone who has followed events in most other exiled Cabinets. And the choice is not one that can be solved purely by the members of those Cabinets; it is also a British and American choice, since these governments depend for their very existence on Britain and America.

# TRAINING THE TEACHERS

We suggested in a previous article that the key to the solution of the post-war educational problem is to find and train the right men and women to teach in the schools. Apart from the inadequacy of teaching in our existing schools, there will be at least three major problems to be faced in finding good teachers for the new schools which will have to be set up. In the first place, we stand committed to the introduction of secondary education for all children from the age of 11+. If this secondary system is to be a reality, it involves a large and regular supply of teachers with much higher and more diversified qualifications than we expect of most of those who go to teach in our elementary schools. In the second place, the creation of Day Continuation Schools for all children between leaving full-time schooling and reaching the age of 18 means a demand on a very large scale not merely for teachers, but for teachers who will need to arm themselves with a radically new technique. In the third place, we shall need, in numbers not so large, but formidable in relation to the sources of supply, teachers to train the teachers, not only for these new schools, but also for raising both quality and staffing ratios in all existing schools.

Here is a programme of work that will make exacting demands, however well we prepare for it. It is the more exacting because almost nobody is satisfied with the existing methods of training teachers. The two-years course still in force in most Teachers' Training Colleges is obviously too short, in view of the dual purpose which it is made to serve; for it has to be made do, not only for training in the art of teaching, but also as a substitute for University education. Even the three-years course in some Colleges and in University Training Departments is inadequate to serve this dual purpose; and the four years spent in acquiring first a University degree and thereafter a year's specialised training is at present for the most part confined to those entering the existing relatively narrow field of secondary education. If it is agreed, as it pretty generally is, that all intending teachers, for elementary as well as higher schools, ought to have at least three years of College or University work before entering on their profession, we are faced with the need simultaneously to increase the length of the course and to secure a much larger output of fully trained teachers. These two things together mean in effect creating a great new set of institutions for filling up the ranks of the teaching profession.

The two things most obviously wrong with the existing methods of training teachers are, first, that they involve a premature decision to teach, long before the intending teacher has a fair chance of telling whether he or she will like, or be good at, the job; and secondly, that most intending teachers are, throughout their period of preparation, segregated from students preparing for other walks in life, or receiving a general higher education without specific vocational bias. These two features of the existing system are obviously connected. It would not be possible to segregate the intending teachers in this way unless they were already marked out as teachers, and it would be much more difficult effectively to earmark them for teaching unless they were segregated and taught apart. The origin of the system is that the State—and, before it, the National Society and the Lancasterians—saw the indispensability of creating a body of trained teachers in order to secure a general diffusion of elementary schooling; and the easiest and cheapest way of doing this was to provide, on the cheap, special Colleges at which, aided by State grants, enough boys and girls to run the schools could be taught just enough for the job in hand. Standards in the Training Colleges have, of course, been raised; but the conception of minimum training for the job has continued to prevail, and even where training courses have been attached to Universities, it has all too often been allowed to happen that the students in them have been regarded and treated as inferior to other grades of University students.

It ought surely to be a matter of principle that no one should go to a University or College, at 18 or 19, all but inevitably pledged to become a teacher two, three or four years later. The decision to teach, or to enter some other profession, ought to come later; it ought to grow out of the experience of University or College education, and not to be taken before that stage of education is even begun. To urge this is, of course, equivalent to advocating the complete abolition of Teachers' Training Colleges in their existing form—or at any rate their conversion into institutions of an essentially different kind.

What, then, can be done? The only practicable course is to use the existing Training Colleges as a basis and to alter their character and raise the standards of most of them as fast as this can be done. The change in character should go as far as to abolish them as Teachers' Training Colleges and reopen them as Colleges designed for young men and women, irrespective of the professions they propose to follow. There should be no earmarking of students on entrance, no scholarships or grants available only for entrants proposing to be trained as teachers, no specialised training designed exclusively for teachers during the earlier stages of the course. In particular, the Colleges should set out to produce young men and women who will be fit to become not only teachers but also youth leaders, hospital almoners, probation officers, housing managers, assistance board or public assistance officers, school attendance officers, local government officers in many branches of the service, workers in settlements, community centres, or Citizens' Advice Bureaux—and so on, through the whole range of social and civic services, statutory and voluntary alike. To a very considerable extent, the qualities and attainments required, or that ought to be required, for these callings need the same educational preparation as the qualities and attainments that ought to be required of school teachers. The needed preparation in educational technique is comparatively small, and could be acquired at a late stage in the course. The basic educational requirements are much the same over the whole of the wide field, and also over the rapidly growing range of industrial welfare and employment services in manufacturing and commercial concerns.

Surely the right procedure is to use the Teachers' Training Colleges for this wider purpose, and to create many new Colleges or Civic Universities designed for this type of work, with provision for a wide variety of professional specialisation in the later stages of the courses, and for the easiest possible facilities for shifting over from one specialisation to another, as well as for refresher courses and retraining courses for those who, after entering one profession, desire, in the light of mature experience, to move into another. It would clearly be desirable, in doing these things, to break down, wherever possible, the isolation of many of the existing Colleges, by federating those in or near a single centre into a single co-ordinated institution, by bringing others into closer connection with the existing Universities, and in many cases by establishing links between them and the Technical Colleges.

Not the smallest advantage of this would be that young men and women entering the teaching profession would no longer do so with the stamp of segregation upon them. No one more than the teacher needs a lively contact with the world of practical affairs, both while at College and subsequently. A system which by segregation almost compels teachers to make friends only with teachers, and to live, from the time they leave school, in a world populated mainly by teachers and children away from their homes is about as bad a system of training as the human mi could possibly devise.

Of course, it is not suggested that all the C leges should cater for all comers without discrimination. In particular, the handling very young children needs a good deal of speci ised training, as well as careful selection of right persons to train. But most of this spec preparation is needed, not exclusively for tea ing young children, but for all sorts of jobs wh involve attending to their wants. It is much same for the attendant at an Infant Welf Centre as for a teacher, or for someone w wants to work in a Children's Hospital or Hom

If we approach the problem of securing supply of teachers that will be needed after war in the spirit suggested in this article, task will be formidable, and there will be ma vital interests to be overcome—not least Church, which has its strongholds in the Trai ing Colleges, and will be sure to put up a sto resistance to any proposal that would reduce power. The existing Universities, too, may lo askance at any proposal to create new Univer ties, even at what must be for some time different academic level; but most of them w probably prefer this to anything that wou enforce on them a serious lowering of their o standards. The Treasury, if not the Board Education, will probably be critical of a propo which calls on the State to spend money scholarships and grants without any promise fro the recipients to enter the teaching professio and the worse Training Colleges will oppose reform which will compel them drastically reorganise their methods or to go under. But these giants can be slain with the armament a big idea; and the idea here put forward is b enough, if it can be got into the minds of t friends of education.

There is, of course, over and above what h been said in this article, an *emergency* proble of great importance. There will be many m and women coming out of the Forces at the e of the war who will be capable, with the rig training, of making excellent teachers, especial in the new Continuation Schools. For the special courses will have to be devised, and bo the State and the Universities and Colleges oug to be hard at work devising them now. Perha someone is at work on this task; but if so the has been no public sign. There is too muc tendency, in University circles at any rate, argue, as the doctors do over the Beverid Report, that nothing can be planned for aft the war, while so many of the key people away. If, however, nothing is planned no everything will have to be improvised in a hurr and it will certainly then be improvised badly.

# AN ARMY DIARY

*[Tom Harrisson, founder of Mass Observation, contributes this Diary from an Army camp.]*

What a strange business it is, when men li together without women. On the one hand, t crowded company of barrack room or cramp concentration of the forecastle in an Aberde trawler; communal houses on the mountains Santo, just South of so-far Jap penetrati in the Pacific, or travelling in a long canoe f days by river into Borneo. On the other han living only with Malcolm Stewart on desol St. Rona, loneliest British Isle, with a on armed Australian in a home-made hut on a tropic mountain-top; or again with an Oxford Don f several months in an Arctic tent. A panoran of this experience swims before me, stimulat by a recent reduction from living thirty in a roo to three.

* * *

After careful consideration, I believe I plum for the thirty—though if I got back there I shou probably want the three. Small units involve elaborate intimacy. Somehow this never qui succeeds. The irritation of another's untidine or over-tidiness, his snore or sleeplessness, chatt silence, having more letters than you or envy- yours—these trivia become monuments in friction of day and night. With two or three re is no possible privacy, every nerve is ex- sed. In the bigger agglomeration one can steal itude. I have known men to live unnoticed the barrack room, and often in a Salvation my dormitory. There are so many different haviour patterns, you can choose the ones you efer. There is so much give and take, wear and r, that the corners are rubbed off in the com- unal treadmill. There is better talk, fun, olery—often perfectly childish. Less than half dozen together do not seem to sanction the eakdown of adult strains into adolescent easures. Purely adult masculinity becomes upportable except where the ties bind tight th fear and threat. The basis of male friend- p is not really intimate. It is vigorously super- cial, argumentative, within a wide framework respectful reserve and even deceptive facade. do not yet know for certain if my best soldier iend is married, or only engaged—or in between.

* * *

There is one noticeable way public intelli- nce seems to have advanced since the war. e all know that (whatever A. P. Herbert says) ishful thinking had become more than a healthy lief; it had become a national disease, enabling to avoid urgent realities. Wishful thinking d over-optimism have steadily declined since 40. I am particularly interested to find that cent weeks, which have brought us our best ws of the war, have not brought nearly as much timism as many smaller previous events. There a wise note of caution in the ordinary talk of b and bus. Thus this housewife:

> It (the news) certainly looks a great improvement. But there is a terrible lot to be settled before the end. I do think it might end some time next year.

this pointed conversation in a small shop:

> *Shopkeeper*: "Up to the collapse of Tunisia most of my customers were saying they expected the war to go on until the end of 1944 at least. But just in the last fortnight at least a dozen of them have said they won't be surprised if we had peace at the end of the year."
>
> *Customer*: "How do they say it? As if they had suddenly got cock-sure, or how?"
>
> *Shopkeeper*: "Oh, no. More as if they were letting you into a secret they don't want anyone to overhear. As if they felt a bit guilty More as if they thought *somebody might arrest them for being optimistic.*"

* * *

I hear that a new and especially interesting overnment publication is on the way to add to e long and on the whole honourable list of ficial booklets in the spate started by *The Battle Britain*. This one is to be on the Royal moured Corps—more simply, Tanks. I hope will set a precedent for similar booklets on other dividual arms—Sappers, Gunners, the In- ntry, and the newest, Reme, Recce, and Air- rne. This would be an excellent way of inter- eting the Army.

I have a good idea of the new book's contents om talks with the person I suspect to have itten much of it, Frank Owen. His own experi- ce, from Trooper Owen to Officer-Cadet (at esent), plus his inexhaustible curiosity, has ven him the necessary facts. He is the only iend I have accidentally made up with in Service e, in early days travelling far North, then onths later in a new unit to find him sleeping o feet away, fellow initiate. If he has done is job, it should be first class, and the first of ch books written from *below*. Frank's clarity thinking and punch of writing have not been st in sixteen months' service. The common ea that you cannot think to write on service is bsurd. Many intellectuals in the Forces have ied up for three reasons, only one of which is asonable. First, they went abroad; even ence much thought can be slowly stated—as ajor Randolph Churchill has neatly demon- rated. Second, they mistakenly thought writing be illegal. They believed nothing may be ritten about anything. In fact, King's Regul- ons very democratically limits the restriction to military matters, and even here, Commanding Officers are nearly always ready to O.K. articles and books of a sensible sort. Clearly, officers and men can be trusted not to abuse their privilege, for they are under discipline, and discretion should be second nature. The third and commonest reason is that some brains are either damned lazy or gutless. In the Services they find an escape into uniform normality from intellectual responsibility.

* * *

I find few people who realise the gigantic part plastics are going to play in our post-war economy. It may well be the biggest single new material factor complicating post-war arrangements. Much of the latest plastic development is still secret—it has some extraordinary war uses. I have been amazed by what I have seen at a plastic factory belonging to a friend of mine, who until recently concentrated on publishing popular songs of the slushiest type. They are, for instance, producing plastic lenses, indistinguishable to my eye from glass, unbreakable, made in an almost infinite number of patterns, from metal dies, produced from an unassuming little powder in quite a small machine, every few seconsd. The cost of manufacture is fractional, compared with the high craftsmanship of making lenses by hand from glass. The shortage of certain vital raw materials particularly metals, has enormously stimulated plastics, particularly in aircraft and radio industries. The necessary materials, which include by-products of milk and coal, are readily available. It is now possible to press out a whole chassis simultaneously in plastics, and plastic houses are past the experimental stage. I.C.I., Courtaulds and British Celanese have come heavily into the field, and there are a multitude of smaller firms feeling their way. One which a little while ago was paying no dividend owing to future uncertainty, has just declared 35 per cent.!

* * *

The implications are severe. Some of the most successful smaller firms are being run with maximum private initiative, inimical to public interest. Old dogmas are tied to new materials. One dogma is that the public have little taste or potential taste. The rapidity and simplicity of plastic processes easily assist mass-produced ugliness. I have seen unbelievably hideous preliminary designs for plastic objects, such as vases, wash-basins, mirrors, dispatch cases, ornaments. The plastic house I have seen is worse than any nightmare yet by Osbert Lancaster. After the war we shall need around 2,000,000 houses quickly. Plastics may be able to offer one immediate short-term solution, satisfying the need if not the wish. Powerful influences will be pushing their use. Therefore I say intelligent people and planners should take plastics much more seriously, and learn far more about them than they have done so far.

Just what *may* happen, in the relatively SIMPLE field of housing is indicated by the virtual breakdown on plans for the 3,000 officially sanctioned rural cottages, out of 300,000 actually required. Blame is being apportioned liberally in all directions. Never mind who is to blame! Such confusions will be worse when war's unifying purpose and government fade into the personalities and privacies of peace.

* * *

A friend of mine who has just put a new patent medicine on the market took me up on my last week's remarks. His pill is a social service, he believes. He has made plenty of money out of it already. He invited me to give it a trial. I accepted, because I am an inveterate self-investigator, and because I am suffering from at least three of the troubles his pills will cure:

> Constipation, Piles, Indigestion, Blood Disorders, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis, Sciatica, Insomnia and Nerves, Kidney and Bladder Disorders.

The 1/3d. box (four by one and a half inches) is already almost empty; it only contained twenty-six pills. To be perfectly honest, the only sort of effect I have noticed is an increase in my alcoholic consumption (which if accentuated can lead to two additional disorders on the list), due to the appalling taste which remains in the mouth after taking each pill, however quickly swallowed. But I feel no worse. Perhaps if I hadn't taken them I should now be dead. That at least is the psychology of so much patent medicine, spiritualism, astrology, and other modern ideology. Feverishly, Britons swallow almost anything, against Fate.

TOM HARRISSON

## THIS ENGLAND

**A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Mrs. E. Stanway.**

**Paste entires on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.**

Mrs. Large told the magistrates that the dog had to be shut up a lot by day. She declared that Mr. Sanders stood there tantalising the dog. He ought to be thankful to be in England where it was possible for a dog to bite him.—The *Isle of Wight Times*.

Immediately afterwards the plan and purpose of the play was again cut across by extraneous circumstances.—*Times* cricket report.

Dr. Downey, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, stated in an address read on his behalf at a youth demonstration at Liverpool yesterday that not so long ago he attended a gathering of youth leaders and found that he was the youngest person there. Dr. Downey is 62.—*Manchester Guardian.*

A woman charged at Marlborough Street to-day with being drunk, protested against having been taken to the police station in a police car, saying the constable could well have assisted her to walk and thus save petrol.—The *Evening Standard*.

Another proof that jazz is intellectual is gained from the fact that the majority of jazz tunes are derived from old negro spirituals.—*The Rotor*.

Post Office investigators are on the watch in Ipswich for a woman who rings up subscribers late at night and babbles, moans and shrieks when they answer.—*Daily Sketch*.

"WE STILL OWE IT TO THE FEW THAT THERE BE MANY MORE."—This space kindly given by H. C. Patrick, Ltd., Monumental Masons, Funeral Directors, East Street, Farnham.—Advt. from *Farnham Herald*.

## SUGAR CANDY BLIMP

ARE the English real? Has a mist gone up from the ground? Do we live on a dream island where nothing is seen straight? Is a prophet quickly honoured in England as a harmless lunatic—lest he should hurt anyone's feelings? Does a Blimp always become a sweet old man? Is there a conspiracy against Mind? Is there a subtle evil afoot expressing itself through honest commercial art? These disturbing questions came beating at the door of my thought as I watched for two hours and forty minutes the unwinding of a great film spectacle in colour, beautifully designed and superlatively acted by the three stars. It had been given the arresting title of *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*. Except for extremely tedious sequences in the 1918 period, when dreary conversation between our hero and his batman is drawled out before an artificial background of Flanders mud—when *will* British producers learn the art of cutting?—I was entranced and spell-bound. Never have I seen a film made with so much intelligence and so little mind.

Not that I expect miracles of movies. Knowing something of the film industry at first hand, I will reveal a secret if you will promise to keep it to yourself. *Its technical inventions ran ahead of its mind years ago.* To be precise, about fifteen years ago when the invention of the talking film began to be commercially exploited. A few lone producers occasionally succeed now in catching up on their technique, but you do not need to be the financier, like Mr. Arthur Rank, to utter the despairing cry about most films: If only less money and more mind had been spent. *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* is said to have cost £250,000.

A credit title to the artist Low gave me hope at the outset that truth would flash from the screen as it does from the pencil of the great cartoonist. Alas, long before the end I realised that the cartoon Colonel had been shamefully bowdlerised. O Low! O Low! What induced you to offer up your character on the altar of a commercial film—to be made unrecognisable under a thick coating of technicolored sugar, to be laughed at, loved and made piteous as just a dear sentimental old doddering fool. The credit title should have been: "With apologies—and damages—to David Low."

Regard carefully the character of the cartoon Colonel. Politically, and in economics he is a reactionary of rather an unpleasant sort. As a good satirist, Low makes us laugh at him because he is drawn with walrus-moustache and pot-belly in the towelled livery of the Turkish bath. But he is by no means funny as a social phenomenon. He stands fiercely against reform, he likes to keep the lower classes low, he is a stubborn vested interest, pursuing his selfish game to the point of being wickedly anti-social. Sometimes he is a reactionary banker, sometimes a hard-faced industrialist, sometimes a purblind diplomatist or politician, and occasionally he is a stupid militarist. He does not fight against reform or social security just because he is conservative and old-fashioned: he fights because he fears that his pocket is affected, his class attacked, his position of privilege and power is being undermined. He is the sort of reactionary who will not act very differently from the traitor capitalists in France if he suspects that a social revolution is on foot. Not a very pleasant character, but he exists, and if he is not from time to time exposed and held up to ridicule and contempt, his clique might become a positive danger to any progressive movement. Hence the political and economic importance of Low the satirist. Hence the social value of the anti-social Colonel Blimp. After all you cannot make the English feel or think; you can make them laugh. And sometimes you can even wake them up with a joke.

Now consider the "Blimp" of the film. He is drawn pictorially blimpish as to bald head, moustache and abdomen, but between the paper Colonel and the celluloid Major-General Clive (Sugar) Candy, V.C., there is nothing really in common except a fundamental stupidity. The film hero would never hurt a fly. As a young man he is clad in the armour of a muddle-headed crusading Christian Knight. He grows into a lovable old gentleman, dignified, kindly disposed to everyone, with the endearing qualities of courage, honesty and loyalty. One's sympathies are immediately aroused when his privacy is outraged and his military plans are stolen in the Turkish bath. The film draws a sensitive, if sentimental, portrait of the life of an essentially stupid man of a public school, military type. Then why call it the life and death of Low's Colonel Blimp—of all people? Why give this piece of sentimentalism a tendentious political title? Is it just a case of cheap and unnecessary advertising? Or is there a conspiracy against the Blimp of the cartoon? Is there a subtle attempt to take the rapier out of the hand of the artist Low so that he shall not prick our social conscience any more?

And I question the moral philosophy of this great film. We are invited, it seems, to approve the tough South African officer who is ready to apply "third degree" or worse to his German prisoners as soon as the back of the sweet old general is turned. We are asked to admire the young subaltern who cheats the Home Guard by starting an invasion exercise before the scheduled time. But, really, can it ever be right to ill-treat prisoners of war? (I suggest that this objectionable prisoners' sequence should be cut in the interests of national decency.) Is it conceivable that we shall ever do a "Pearl Harbour" on our potential enemy? Everyone knows that we must use the scientific weapons of war, including bombers, the torpedoing of merchantmen, hunger and starvation, and if necessary, retaliation with poison gas, but do we really admit the moral philosophy which this film appears to teach—that we must fight the devil with the devil's own weapons. In the long run, whatever Bomber Command may say, we shall beat the devil by virtue of the spiritual weapons he cannot use. Did not the spiritual qualities which kept us steadfast in the fight, without allies, in 1940 count for victory? Will not the faith in moral right which keeps subjugated Europe alive, help our coming invasion? Yet spiritual qualities are not given a shot in this film—except in the refugee German officer. The only answer which it appears to give to Nazi brutality is another and a stronger sort of brutality.

It is curious, too, that in this film record of the last forty years no intelligent opposition to blimpism in our national life appears to exist for the camera—at any rate for the producers to photograph in technicolor—until the German officer arrives as a fugitive from Hitler. (I presume they did not present the young officer who cheats the Home Guard as a serious critic.) But there have been plenty of opponents of national blimpism. You can find them among the thousands and thousands of readers of the *New Statesman*. Why could not some of us have been photographed? And surely it was an error of taste to put into the mouth of a German cavalry officer all the intelligent, high-minded attack on the stupidity, the mistaken selfishness, which disgraced the conduct of our foreign affairs between the two wars. Unlike Vansittartites I am quite prepared to believe that a German character so charming and intelligent as this old-school officer exists, but I would have liked to have heard him express more his sense of humiliation at being the member of a race that has produced Hitler and Nazism. I am child enough to resent his trying to make me feel humiliated at belonging to the British race.

But let us not stand upon false pride. Let us weep for the death of the cartoon Blimp, the colonel who has made us beware of our dangerous bent towards reaction. Can he show his face again while the film-going world applauds and sentimentalises over his travesty in technicolor? O Low, divinely inspired satirist of the cartoon, take up your pencil again, explode with a few deft lines the unreality of this "sugar candy Blimp" of the screen and let your tough, wicked old colonel stand triumphant over his celluloid blood and bones.

NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

## QUARREL SCENE

SCENE: *A tent in Algiers. General de Gaulle discovered, sulking.*

[*Enter General Giraud*]

*Giraud :* General, I say that you have done me wrong.

*de Gaulle :* I only deal with written grievances.

*Giraud :* You do not answer letters; I will speak.

*de Gaulle :* If you speak softly we will give you audience.

*Giraud :* And who may "we" be, General de Gaulle?

*de Gaulle :* We are the President. "L'Etat, c'est moi!"

*Giraud :* We are co-Presidents. "L'Etat, c'est nous!"
That you have wronged me must appear in this—
You are conspiring to usurp my place.

*de Gaulle :* I am elected your superior.

*Giraud :* Shall I give way to one of lesser rank
I am commander.

*de Gaulle :* Under my command.

*Giraud :* Try me no more, I shall forget mys
It was agreed the Army should
mine?

*de Gaulle :* Let me remind you *I* did not agree:
Do not presume too much upon o
patience.

*Giraud :* Ye gods, Ye gods, must I endure
this?
Remember, General, to whom yo
speak;
Last Friday Catroux asked us both
tea
Which I indeed accepted on co
ditions,
But you declined, although no soldie
may
Refuse to meet a senior officer.

*de Gaulle :* I *can* refuse to, as co-President.

*Giraud :* On Saturday Catroux bade us
luncheon,
Once more you slighted off the in
vitation.

*de Gaulle :* I would not lunch with you thoug
ten times begged,
I warn you, General, try me not to
high,
For if you drive me to it, I'll resign.

*Giraud :* Do so, and bay the moon in Brazza
ville.

*de Gaulle :* And leave the field to you? No, b
the Gods!

*Giraud :* I thought you would not, and th
being so,
There is no terror in your idle threats

*de Gaulle :* Take care. The Empire waits m
word to rise.

*Giraud :* That will be news in Syria and Daka

*de Gaulle :* The populace of Algiers cheers for me

*Giraud :* Algerian summer is too hot for you,
I urged our meeting in a calmer place

*de Gaulle :* It is for you Algiers will be too hot.

*Giraud :* Let us return to the Catroux affair.

[*General Catroux, within*]

*Catroux :* Let me go and see the Generals. Ther
is some grudge between them.

[*Enter General Catroux*]

The National Committee begs from
you
Some public pledge of Frenchmen'
unity.

*de Gaulle :* But know you not there are no French
men now—
All are de Gaullists, or else Giraudists

*Catroux :* I shall remember and advise them of i

*de Gaulle :* Wait, I'll go with you. I presid
to-day.

*Giraud :* To-morrow is your turn; to-day i
mine.

*de Gaulle :* Give place, I take the chair. Te
them, Catroux.

*Catroux :* Why not both come, both bein
Presidents?

*Giraud :* You have your orders. Let me pas
de Gaulle.

*Catroux :* If there are slight adjustments sti
to make,
Before the meeting will you come t
tea?

*de Gaulle :* General Catroux, you do deny you
oath,
As a de Gaullist, to invite Giraud.

*Giraud :* And I have in concessions gone too fa
Not for the world will I take tea wit
you.
I shall preside to-day. Out of m
path!

*Catroux :* But soft, here comes an Allied mes
senger.

[*Enter a Messenger with a dispatch. Giraud an de Gaulle both reach for it. Catroux takes it, and read*

Generals de Gaulle and Giraud wi
take tea
With General Eisenhower, K.C.B.

SAGITTARIUS

# IN COUNTRY PENT

WAS sitting in a train the other evening when a le man with a grey moustache spoke to me, ying—what was obvious—that the country was oking lovely. "I like the country," he went on, but I was born and bred in London; and, of urse, if you're born and bred in London, you n like the country; but it's never the same as ondon. I'm seventy now and have lived in ondon all my life. I was a builder, but I'm past y work, and my wife and I have come down to —— since my house got a bomb. I live on an d age pension of ten bob a week—ten bob!" d he laughed ironically at the notion) "and y wife takes in a couple of lodgers. I've no mplaints, but it's not the same as being in ondon. Last night, my missus says to me: What you need is a day in London,' so this orning I got up early and took a workman's urn ticket to London—1s. 7d. instead of . 4d.—and went off for a day's holiday. I must ve walked fifteen miles or so when I got there. om Waterloo I walked to King's Cross, where I t into talk with a chauffeur who was going to ddington to fetch a lady's pet dog. Do you ink that's right with the petrol shortage? How-er, he said: 'Would you like a lift?'; so off went to Paddington. From Paddington I lked to Chelsea and from Chelsea I walked to tney Common, and caught a bus back and took walk to Liverpool Street."

"Have you a particular fancy for railway ations?" I asked him. I had often heard of b-crawlers, but station-crawling was to me a w form of Epicureanism. "No," he said, but a railway station gives you somewhere to . I never liked walking unless I felt I was ing somewhere, even if it was only to the old gel or the Britannia. Then I felt a bit tired d had a cup of tea, and after that I set off for ictoria to catch the train. I've had a good day— st me very little—the best day I've had since e house got a bomb. In a sense we're happy the country—I've heard nightingales and all rts of things—but, if you understand me—a an who's been born and bred in London living the country—well, he's just like a bird in cage."

This to me seemed an extraordinary reversal f the common notion of the relative liberty of wn and country life. To most of us the country s, since our childhood, been a place to which to cape from the imprisonment of the streets. ven the railways become poetic in their advertise-nts of the liberation we enjoy if we travel from wn a few miles into the country. "Oh, who ll o'er the downs so free?" they ask. No rail-ay has ever issued a poster enticing country sitors to London with such sentences as "Who ll down the Strand so free?" or "Who will f to Hoxton so free?" It is generally accepted the railway companies as well as by the poets t it is the country—which includes the sea-e—that is the home of freedom. It is only the inor poets, I think, who have praised the town ove the country. Great poets sometimes— ough not often—live in towns; but even when ey do so, they usually write as though thev pre-erred the country. To the great poets the bird the cage has always been the townsman.

Yet, thinking over the matter, I wondered hether the little pensioner in the train was not, er all, more representative of the normal attitude town and country than the poets. For some nerations past, we have seen a constant drift men and women from the country to the towns th no corresponding drift from the towns to country. The rich, who can afford two houses, e to have a country house as well as a town use; but, if they had to choose between the o, most of them, I fancy, would sacrifice the use in the country. The comfortably-off, ain, have shown a tendency to leave the centre the towns and make their homes in the suburbs, t they would feel like birds in cages unless they re within easy reach of shops and streets. No dern slogan has had less effect on civilised men and women than the slogan repeated by statesman after statesman: "Back to the land." A few townsmen go back to the land and write good books about it, which everybody reads. But the ordinary townsman sticks to his town till he is bombed out of it, and a large proportion of countrymen still regard the town with its crowds, its lights and its fried-fish shops as the El Dorado of liberty.

When I was a child, I knew a few boys who ran away to sea in search of freedom; but most boys preferred to stay in town at home. The majority of them were instinctively of the opinion of Dr. Johnson: "No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into gaol; for being in a ship is being in a gaol, with the chance of being drowned." Nor were the boys who stayed at home less adventurous that the boys who ran away. They simply had different ideas of liberty. A friend of mine who dabbles in psycho-analysis has a theory which may or may not explain the two types. "Boys who run away from home," he maintains, "hate their fathers and do not much like their mothers. Boys who stay at home are devoted to their mothers, and, though disliking their fathers, tolerate them for their mothers' sake." But if this theory is true, does it not follow that the drift from the country to the town is also due to a strong anti-parental bias? I confess I find it hard to believe that the countryside is largely populated by young Oedipuses.

It seems to me more likely that the preference of town to country originates in much the same state of mind as the preference of music-hall songs to Bach and Beethoven. The charm of the town, like the charm of the popular song, is more stimulating to the surface nerves. Some years ago an eminent judge declared himself strongly in favour of the town against the country, and eulogised the town in sentences that came as near poetry as he was capable of. "I was in the country yesterday," he said. "How gloomy it was—enough to cause a nervous breakdown!" And he went on:

> Take a bus to Aldgate Pump, and then walk East among the bright shops, the laden barrows, the monkey-nut vendors, the fish-and-chip cafes, the stewed-eel parlours, the sausage-and-mashed centres of sociability, and the glamorous cries of the newsboys selling their "pipers."
>
> Turn off at a side-street and see what prodigies of shopping can be done for 1s. in a barrow market that sells anything from a bag of oranges to a pair of trousers.
>
> If you are in Liverpool, stroll in the evening up the Scotland Road, and talk to the fascinating people you meet there, such as the "Mary Ellens"—the picturesque women who wear shawls over their heads, carry babies in their arms, work in the markets all day, and always have a good "tip" for tomorrow's race.

One might imagine that, in saying this, the judge was aiming particularly at consoling the millions of people who by force of circumstances are imprisoned in towns—trying to persuade them, since they lived in Purgatory, that Purgatory was a more enjoyable place to live in than Paradise. One certainly cannot imagine Wordsworth writing as enthusiastically of monkey-nut stalls and stewed eels as he wrote of the skylark and the green linnet. Nor could he, I am sure, have written as beautiful a lyric about old Liverpool women who give tips for horse-races as he wrote about the Highland reaper. Yet probably the judge in his praise of cities was more representative of modern human nature than Wordsworth. Even with wireless and buses to relieve the quiet of country life, thousands of people are still unable to endure the country. "I wouldn't be found dead in this place," I overheard a young evacuee saying one day to a country child. It will be interesting after the war to see how many of the London young have been converted to a permanent love of country life by their evacuation experiences.

For myself, I have always wanted to live in the country, but I wonder whether I should be happy in the country if I could not also spend part of my life in town. I find it, for example, very difficult to work in the country. There is too much to do, too much to see. In town, on the other hand, apart from working and meeting people, there is almost nothing to do. Hence, I find town restful after the wide open spaces. There are no goldfinches or gold-crests to distract one, and one does not need to worry about blight on the broad beans. How much more conducive to delightful thoughtlessness it is to walk from Waterloo Station to King's Cross and get a lift in a car from King's Cross to Paddington! That is, perhaps, the supreme charm of cities. There is always something to do that is not worth doing. Brick walls do not a prison make. No wonder that the caged birds of the countryside long to escape back to their anaesthetical ugliness.

Y.Y.

# THE STEER MYSTERY

It is a pity the fourth-columnist of the *Times* should have declared that the Steer show at the National Gallery is "the most remarkable picture exhibition seen since the outbreak of the war, "not so much because such loose talk makes the *Times* look silly, as because it may bring the artist into contempt. Foreigners, for instance, of whom, as the leader-writer is at pains to remind us, there are quite a number in Town, will, if they have any taste for the arts, have visited that magnificent display of French painting given in these very rooms only a few months ago, and, misled by these foolish words, will expect too much. They will be disappointed, and they may wax sarcastic; and instead of mocking the writer they will very probably laugh at the painter. Now the art of Steer is not ridiculous. Its development is tragic, if you will; though, for my part, I had rather call it mysterious.

The early works of which there is a group in Room XXXIV (Nos. 65–71) are enchanting—I use the worn epithet deliberately. Here is lyricism as one finds it in young English poets, in all its tremulous excitement and unpremeditated beauty. Doubtless the influence of the Impressionists, and of Whistler too, is apparent; but the emotion, the sensation as a contemporary would more accurately have called it, is authentic: the young Steer was a personal artist. Even that *Summer at Cowes*, which at first glance looks much like an early Monet, at second is seen to be something quite different—a lovely, lyrical, thoroughly English outdoor picture: in fact, a Steer of 1888. The head of a girl, in the front room, dated '92, shows that in these early days the artist's sensibility could be made manifest in line as well as in colour. Look well at the beautifully tender yet sure definition of the cheek and the chin, for you will see nothing like it again in this exhibition. Already by 1898 in the big and popular *Toilet of Venus* drawing has become slapdashery, concealing weakness and poetry mere hurdy-gurdy stuff. More instructively still may we pit the portrait of a lady in the Passage Room, undated but obviously a childish work childishly reminiscent of Whistler, yet drawn—especially the head—with conviction, against its neighbour *The End of the Chapter* (1911), a picture neither better nor worse than the staple product of the Royal Academy.

But Steer ought not to be judged by his figures: with line as nerveless as his and vision as common he never could have extracted much from the human form or rendered tellingly the little he did extract. He was a landscape painter; and here again his adulators do him ill service by comparing him with Constable. He was much influenced by Constable; let that suffice. For the rest, if we add to the lyrics of his nonage, the landscapes he painted between (say) 1895 and 1915 and his drawings in watercolour —a medium in which a lazy nature is naturally at its happiest—we have an output which entitles its author to an honourable place amongst British artists. There let him stay.

Nevertheless, with those ravishing first flowers still fresh in memory, buds that seemed to promise a place of honour not in British art only but in European, we cannot resign ourselves to the spectacle of his decline and fall without attempting an explanation. Maybe, like too many English artists—artists in line and colour and artists in words—he found himself, all youthful passion spent, without the power and without the will to grapple with new problems and conquer new worlds. Or, I have heard it suggested, the cause of his decline may have been Professor Tonks. Tonks was a man of far greater intellect and stronger character: a man of ideas, dominator, and, above all, teacher, he lacked only the thing necessary to self-expression: he was not an artist. And here was a malleable, empty-headed young fellow richly supplied with what the master lacked. Could he not possess himself of this flute and through it blow his proper music? So, they say, he took the mysteriously gifted, weak-willed and thoughtless youth, emptied him of his idiosyncratic and intractable qualities, choked the stops in the process, and left him—dumb. It is an ingenious theory and plausible; but I doubt whether it is true. CLIVE BELL

## THE MOVIES

### "This Land is Mine," at the Tivoli
### "The Human Comedy," at the Empire
### "Forever and a Day," at the Leicester Square
### "They Got Me Covered," at the London Pavilion and the Regal; "Close Quarters," at the Regal

Go to the Tivoli. I have just seen, too late to review at length this week, Jean Renoir's *This Land is Mine*. It is a film of the occupation, the first film of its kind worthy of a great theme, and a personal triumph for Renoir.

Anglo-American understanding has produced a riot of sentiment in two films, one about America and the other about England. Let's get the English piece over first. *Forever and a Day*, typically, is about the last war, and as a tear-wringer knows no shame. That telegram from the War Office—it arrives, of course, at the moment when father and mother, with the third chair waiting, are just going to open a bottle of pop; the messenger boy is seen in the hall; mother hurries out and reads the news; her face begins to break up; then the hotel clerk melts, too; then it is kept from father; then he catches on, etc., etc., etc. Grief, in fact, is laid on with a trowel, and there's a good deal of slop about the cavalcading years and an old house in London and a portrait of Nelson and how we all get closer together in hard times. It's certainly the film for water-carts. And it gives a turn to all, or nearly all, the actors and actresses of the English colony.

I suppose *The Human Comedy*—no resemblances to Balzac, by the way—is almost equally sentimental; as a water-cart, though, in this case I reacted. There's far too much singing, and at wrong moments; the dead look back on the living (sentiment at its creepiest); everyone blows his head off about Life when he gets the chance, and in two and a bit hours there are plenty of chances; the attempt to get the "common touch" and to put all America into one film produces phoney moments; and the end is for me too sad and radiant altogether. But for all that it is a film streaked with fresh experience. Saroyan and Clarence Brown have managed between them to break up the novelette flow of the screen into new and exciting patterns. The story of one family branches out into a number of lives, other people's houses, a small town, troop-trains leaving for Europe. The flicker to and fro of incident provides delicious episodes. Two girls on a rainy night jaunting along in transparent oilskins and hiding under umbrellas of the same materials—a wonderfully pretty scene, realised with a touch as lyrical as Duvivier's. Another memorable episode is the visit of two small boys to the public library. They can't read, but they wander hand in hand along avenues of shelves, and open a book to look at the print and the illustrations, and on their way home pause before a lighted shop window where a mechanical man is acting an advertisement scene. The smaller of the children remains when the performance is over and the onlookers have gone; actor and child stare at one another for a moment through the glass; then suddenly the bogeyman with huge painted eyes lurches forward and the child flees, screaming. A policeman picks him up, saying, "He's afraid." Earlier in the day the child had been asking "What's 'afraid'?" Now he knows and is suddenly forgetful and happy. A perfect short story that brilliantly wins the eye. The best parts of *The Human Comedy*—and they are very good indeed—are about childhood and adolescence. Saroyan apparently has drawn from his own memories, with vivid effect. The children are delightfully authentic, and Mickey Rooney—not till this moment a favourite of mine—gives an admirable performance as a boy growing up at school and in a telegraph office. Whether *The Human Comedy* quite comes off I don't know; when it's nice it's very, very nice, and when it's horrid, it's horrid. Saroyan and Brown is a partnership that might go anywhere, if the former could ruthlessly be held to his inspiration.

*They Got Me Covered*, the new Bob Hope film, is about foreign correspondents, scoops, the Gestapo, abduction, marriage, and living-space in Washington. I think it's probably his funniest film—wildly funny, to start with, and it keeps a touch of groggy art. It has Miss Lamour, though, coming and going, and giving her sedulous impersonation of a charmer.

And in *Close Quarters* we have another of our admirable full-length documentaries of the war. Crown Unit have done now for submarines what they did before for Coastal Command. This film, too, is a little leisurely and methodical on the way, has a lesser climax leading to the real climax, a quiet triumphant end. What it lacks is the beauty of seascape and cloud, underlined by Vaughan Williams's score, that opened vistas in the other film. But *Close Quarters* is true to its title; the camera remains nearly all the time inside this submarine on patrol off the Norwegian coast. It makes the most of its claustrophobic drama, the pursuit, the launching of torpedoes, the nervy waiting on the bottom while depth charges drop around. All the parts are played by officers and men of H.M. Submarines, and couldn't be played better. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### "Imaginary Invalid," at the Westminster

The laudable attempt to play Molière (*Le Malade Imaginaire* in Anstey's paraphrase) at the Westminster Theatre is drawing to a close. There are but three more chances of seeing Mr. Donald Wolfit in the part of "the imaginary invalid": Friday evening and Saturday at 2.30 and 6.30 this week. He plays Argan with great gusto but little finesse—a comment which applies to the other actors at their liveliest moments. Undoubtedly, the scene which goes best is that where Dr. Diafoirus presents his son Thomas to his future father-in-law and to his betrothed, Angélique, Argan's daughter by his first wife. Mr. Peter Jones's Thomas made us all laugh, but laugh at a pure gaby; the solemn pendant who invites his betrothed to watch him dissect a female corpse and was the object of Molière's satire, was hardly visible in his performance. Not a few of those who have seen this English version of the play must have come away amazed that such an obvious elementary sense of fun should have won for Molière an eternal reputation. They had no chance, however, of seeing what fine shades of humour and satire can be revealed in those simplified characters and dialogue. Argan himself can be played as a man in robust health who fancies he is ill, or as a genuine neurasthenic with a neurasthenic's perpetual complaints and utter want of sympathy with others, or as a figure created by laughter out of a silly man's fear of death—a fear familiar to Molière himself. The point is that when Argan is played with sensitive straightforwardness these different aspects will in turn be visible, and—this is the miracle—without the gaiety and lightness of the whole piece being disturbed. The play is a synthesis of comedy and farce and in the original it is a ballet too. The farcical element centres round the maid Toinette whom Miss Rosalind Iden played with spirit. The serious import of the discussion of the art of healing between Argan and his brother Béralde (Mr. Henry Fielding) hardly emerged at all. In that passage of dialogue Molière who died himself without benefit of medicine, after playing the art of Argan, states his case against the profession he had repeatedly ridiculed. In the original the play ends with the solemn induction of Argan himself as a Doctor of Medicine, and a burlesque of the ceremonies used on such occasions.

### Faure and Bloch

The Griller Quartet, who have lately contributed so much to the vitality of our musical life, presented last week at the Wigmore Hall a programme of uncommon interest. Together with Harry Isaacs, they played three works for piano and strings: the quintets of Dvorak and Bloch, and the second quartet (op. 45) of Gabriel Fauré. It must be admitted that t made a strenuous and over-long programme and o in which, for all the stylistic differences between t three works, a certain monotony of tone-colour w inevitably felt. It would probably have been bet to place a small string quartet (say a Mozart) betwe the Fauré and the Bloch, leaving the Dvorak for anoth occasion. Perhaps too the players inclined to ove emphasise the vigour of the wonderful Fauré piec certainly it is the most substantial and powerful o his compositions, but Fauré's music is a river whic must never, even when in spate, be allowed to becom muddy or to overflow its banks.

The Bloch Quintet is at present the Jewish master' supreme achievement. Extremely original in harmon and construction, it swings between two moods: bitter, driving, girder-spanned modernity and passionate "wailing on the wall" as melancholy an ancient as the great race from whose unimaginabl sorrows it has sprung. The slow movement opens wit a huge and wonderful sentence, releasing a flood o emotion that makes most of our routine concert experi ences seem trivial by contrast; even in the mor angular sections of the outer movements the occasion use of quarter-tones produces an effect of extraordinar pathos. Hot and violent though its colours are, thi is a music wholly free from vulgarity; one longs t prescribe stiff doses of it to a generation punch-drun on Rachmaninoff and Tchaikovsky. The player rose to the height of their great occasion.

### "The Lisbon Story," at the Hippodrome

Choral singing—first class; dancing—spectacular *décor*—smart; staging—snappy; acting—not at a bad; faces and dresses—pretty; Patricia Burke i the leading role—thoroughly attractive; plot, whic gives excuse for these pleasant amenities—as sentimental and topical as wartime musical play demands (It is unusual to have the heroine shot, so we mu not call it a musical comedy.) If you can enter in the spirit of the conventions by which the German an British agents clash in Lisbon, and the famous Frenc *artiste* returns to Paris to rescue the great scienti from a concentration camp, then you will be rewarde by the accomplished incidentals of this performance As most people will not find it difficult to accept th plot, the show is assured, one guesses, of a long run.

* * *

We regret that in our notice of *The Russians* la week Miss Rosalind Atkinson was referred to a Rosalind Fuller.

# Correspondence

## THE WHITSUN CONFERENCE

SIR,—I am a NEW STATESMAN AND NATION fa and I hate to fall out with you. But I really mu protest vigorously against the entirely wrong-heade explanations you give for the Party Conference preferring Greenwood to Morrison as Treasurer. Yo state that one reason for the result is "that it is improper for a Labour Leader to show symptoms o leadership." Do you regard the delegates as nitwits who object to leadership? The bulk of the me and women to whom I spoke at the Central Ha felt that there was plenty of room for Greenwood AN Morrison on the Executive. Both are able men i their several spheres.

Greenwood has done more constructive wor behind-the-scenes for the Labour Party (incidentall also for many trade unions) than any other living man When war broke out he "spoke for England." A Minister without Portfolio, responsible for post-wa reconstruction, he was the prime mover in man plans, including the Beveridge Report. Since h left the War Cabinet he has led, and still leads, th Parliamentary Labour Party (no easy job) wit consummate skill. It is, therefore, impertinent an ungentlemanly on your contributor's part to like his election to the Treasureship to the keeping o "antediluvian generals" in their posts.

I pay tribute to Morrison. His achievements i London municipal politics are beyond praise. H has done magnificently at the Home Office, wher his record is only slightly marred by snooty attitude on at least two occasions towards the Trade Unio leaders. In the War Cabinet, I have no doubt, h is a pillar of solid counsel. As a debater in the House and in the country hs is very much in the top drawer.

I think I speak for the majority of delegates when I say that there was no desire to humiliate either leader. But Morrison's friends had put him in an unhappy position by a virtual ultimatum to the effect "Either make him Treasurer or he is out of the Executive." Many delegates regarded and resented this as a piece of moral blackmail. There is far more in this than in your inept suggestion that some Union or Unions voted against Mr. Morrison for a grudge fourteen years old.

From a political angle a considerable number of delegates felt it would be much better to have in an authoritative position at Transport House a man free from War Cabinet entanglements. Without resigning, Morrison could make no public pronouncement against the War Cabinet, should this become necessary. Greenwood can.

Further, a Treasurer's job is to fill the Party coffers. No man since the late Arthur Henderson is likely to appeal more successfully for money to the Trade Unions, the Party rank-and-file and individual sympathisers throughout the whole country than Greenwood. TOM O'BRIEN,

Member of T.U.C. General Council

The National Association of Theatrical
and Kine Employees,

[Of course there is room for both Morrison and Greenwood on the Executive, which is why a decision that put Morrison off the Executive was so unfortunate. We note that our correspondent, like the *Observer*, misunderstood our remark about "antediluvian generals." We did not suggest that Greenwood had Blimpish qualities; we said it was sentimental to make him Treasurer of the Labour Party as a consolation for the loss of Cabinet office. Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

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SIR,—The Labour Party Conference seemed to me, as a delegate, quite unrealistic. Political questions connected with the war, which must be receiving the daily attention of Labour members of the Government, were crowded out by the time devoted to the Executive's plans for post-war reconstruction.

These plans were well known in advance and their broad principles—except in the case of Local Government—had the virtually unanimous approval of the Party. For a constructive discussion of their details, a special conference would have been required. As it was, the time taken by the platform in repeating accepted views deprived the conference of opportunities for genuine democratic discussion on current politics. The number of resolutions submitted, for instance, on India and on International Policy (twelve and eighteen respectively) was proof of the wide interest in these subjects. But it was not until forty minutes before the close of business on the last day that International Policy came before the conference, and when this had been disposed of in the perfunctory manner inevitable in the circumstances, only ten minutes was left for India! Was this cavalier treatment of such vital questions perhaps due to the fear that adequate discussion might result in decisions embarrassing to Labour Ministers, at the moment of the appointment of a new Viceroy and of Anglo-American "intervention" between Giraud and de Gaulle?

On the post-war treatment of enemy peoples, where guidance from the Executive might have avoided a most unfortunate decision, the platform remained silent. If Noel Baker's week-end speech at Derby had been made at the conference, it is unlikely that the evening papers would have been able to report: "Socialists back Vansittart." The decision on this question was most unpopular with the delegates, the vast majority of whom voted against it. The general public, reading the voting figures in the press, does not realise that, while the average delegate controls a thousand votes, the bulk of the voting strength is in the hands of a few Trade Union leaders, each of whom holds a card representing hundreds of thousands—the votes of the rank and file members of his Union, who can have had little or no say in the way they are used. The vote of nearly two million for the so-called "Vansittart Amendment" was made up almost entirely of these big "block" cards. The smaller votes of the mass of the delegates, who had been mandated as a result of discussions in their local organisations, were nearly all cast on the other side. Until democratic consideration of political issues takes place in the big Unions as well, and is made effective in their votes, the conference can never truly reflect the views of the membership. IRENE MARCOUSE,

Holborn Labour Party

## THE FUTURE OF FRANCE

SIR,—In your leader of June 19th about France, you present the case in Algiers as if all the wrongs were exclusively on one side (Giraud) and all the rights and virtues on the other (de Gaulle). It is all the more surprising that the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, several months ago, when the British press was chastely hiding all the uneasiness surrounding General de Gaulle, was one of the few papers to speak courageously. Are you going to retreat?

According to your leader there is a "Giraud party." Properly speaking there is no "Giraud party." But there is a "de Gaulle party," or rather a "movement," a congress of which was held on June 6th in Algiers. A "*political*" Congress with the Croix de Feu Charles Vallin on the platform. A *political* Congress held under the protection of soldiers belonging to a personal army and armed with tommy guns. I wonder where we have seen such a thing before? Was it not at Munich?

You oppose the view that the "politics of officers do not matter." You are right, they matter, of course. It is highly regrettable that army officers in a democracy should be reactionary. But did Britain or any of the United Nations get rid of their reactionary officers? I have no knowledge of such a step. Until now only in the totalitarian states is it demanded of officers to be "politically reliable." It is in fact desirable that France should be able to democratise her army after this war. It ought to have been done before. But obviously it is impossible at the moment to carry out this democratisation in North Africa, without the necessary contact with the French people, who constitute the only reserve from which democratic elements can be drawn.

Was it in order to purge the army of Vichy elements that General de Gaulle appointed Peyrouton to a military post? Was it in order to rejuvenate and reconstitute the army that General de Gaulle appointed sixty-year-old General Vuillemin lieutenant colonel? It is difficult to hold that those associated with Vichy must whiten themselves by going into the army, and at the same time to say that the army must be purged of Vichyites.

Anyway, it is at the present time illusory to set these questions on a political plane. In Giraud's army there are officers who have been Pétainist and some who still are, but they have courageously fought the Germans. And in de Gaulle's army there are officers who have never been Pétainist but who are politically more reactionary than many Pétainists. This war is a mixed national and ideological war. It will not be transformed into a purely ideological war by any magical wishful thinking.

In your leader you charge Washington with backing Giraud and so of fostering an authoritarian government for France. But did not you yourself point out in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION the well-known authoritarian tendencies of de Gaulle? Can you for a single moment imagine that General Giraud has enough popularity to impose his authority on France, even admitting that he wants to?

It is so childish to think that the French people could accept any restoration of Vichy that in spite of all one can reproach to some reactionary circles in the U.S.A., it is impossible to think that they could be naive enough to cherish such a prospect. The only authoritarian regime that it would be possible to impose on France could come only from a new and victorious movement. Out of the rivalries of two reactionary clans some traces of democracy may be born. Democratic elements there find a par

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to play as mediators and arbiters. It would complicate and hamper the task of the latter to crown either of these clans with a democratic halo, to which neither has the smallest right.

A FRENCHMAN NEITHER GAULLIST
NOR GIRAUDIST

[Our view that de Gaulle is right in demanding reform of the French Army does not affect our past criticisms of de Gaulle. We hope next week to publish a review of the French situation.—ED., N.S. & N.]

## THE S's OF DORTMUND

SIR,—The division between "Vansittartists" and "anti-Vansittartists" appears to me to be less important than the differing notions held about what is and what is not "sentimentality" towards the German people. On the one hand, there is the description of an ordinary German family placed between a number of intensely difficult possible courses of action, people who have no particular qualifications for dealing with any of them, people whose enthusiasm for abstract ideals has been dulled or not allowed to rise by the continual pressure of economic circumstances. On the other hand, there is the spate of vague clichés about the responsibility of the "German people" for this war, about the need for impersonal "justice," unanalysed abstractions couched in terms too loose to have any direct application to the millions of separate personal cases which make up the problem of "Germany as a whole."

I seem to remember an essay by G. K. Chesterton on "Sentimentality," the point of which was that no one would decry sentiment as such, but that a false sentiment springing from inadequate sources is the true definition of a "sentimentality" decidedly to be avoided. As far as I can see the only way in which the so-called "realist" attitude to Germany can arise is either from sheer ignorance or from a positive callousness which refuses to recognise the personal difficulties of millions of Germans, faced at one time by the economic distresses of the '30's and later by the two-ton bombs of the '40's, a callousness which seeks to hide itself under a cloak of face-saving "sentimental" abstractions stated in high ethical terms and concerned largely with that most ambiguous of conceptions, human justice. As against that the opinion which W. G. B. expresses in his original article seems to me to be founded on the minute particulars of a firm realisation of the existence of these millions of persons, who were no more eager to kill us than, in the summer of 1939, we were to kill them. But they, unfortunately, are, like us, caught in the meshes of the "sentimental" abstraction-mongers, by the parrot cries of demagogues, the over simplifications of journalists, the natural ignorance and fear of one man in a world of two thousand millon.

Finally, I would suggest a way of discovering the "sentimentalist." After this war there will be far more need for service than for theory, for helping than for teaching, for brick-laying than for "impartial tribunals." What are the "realists" going to do—in terms of giving up time and physical and mental energy—in this rebuilding? H. S. A. SMITH

24 Athelstan Road,
Worcester.

SIR,—The letters of H.G. and Reginald Gray raise issues not relevant to the theme of my article; H.G.'s suggestion that the S's might have fled penniless into the wilderness is fatuous and sounds like smug criticism from a safe distance; and Reginald Gray seems not to be aware of the kind of behaviour which we as a people have tolerated in our rulers. Apparently those of us who try to keep our heads in wartime when all about us are losing theirs, and who have the nerve to say a good word for some members of the nation which we are fighting, are doomed to be called traitors or "muddle-headed sentimentalists." But, like Joseph Stalin, we don't worry.

W. G. BEBBINGTON

98 Woodvale,
Forest Hill, S.E.13.

## MICHAEL TIPPETT

SIR,—Mr. Michael Tippett, the composer, had been exempted from military service on condition that he took up full time A.R.P., N.F.S, or farm work, but he felt unable to comply with this condition, and has therefore been sent to prison for three months. I do not know Mr. Tippett, nor do I understand the workings of a conscience that allows a man to consume food but not to produce it. But is it not reasonable to ask what useful purpose can be served by sending him to prison? He was admittedly doing useful and necessary work by teaching music at Morley College; moreover, as Dr. Vaughan Williams testified, "his compositions are very valuable, and form a distinct national asset, and will increase the prestige of this country in the world."

Nobody can be so foolish as to believe that this sentence will either alter his convictions or have a deterrent effect upon other pacificists. I suggest therefore that the sentence is not so much unjust as silly, because it makes a man a liability to society instead of an asset. Less than ever can we now afford to waste valuable man-power in so unrealistic and sentimental a fashion. ROGER MARVELL

## CAR-LESS WORLD

SIR,—There is not much doubt that most of your readers welcomed Dr. Joad's article "A Car-Less Future." But welcome is not enough: what are we going to do about it? The planners are already at work, and unless we make our influence felt, it will be too late and we shall be faced once more with a prospect "at which every sensible man shudders."

Dr. Joad advocates the continued rationing of petrol for preserving the peacefulness of the countryside, but is this enough? Cannot we go beyond this? As we know, in some parts of Switzerland—and it may be in other countries too—parallel roads are found sometimes on the two sides of a lake, for example, one of them being reserved for pedestrians. Dr. Joad mentions Honister Pass. But what of Styhead Pass? At the end of the war, unless some action is taken, there is no doubt that the appalling proposal to make a motor road over this wonderful pass will be pressed forward again.

What we urgently need is some born organiser to take up this vital matter and, in conjunction with the proper authorities, to awaken the lethargic public to the task of preserving its own countryside unspoilt for those who love quiet and solitude.

CHRISTINE WALKER

P.S. We create bird sanctuaries; why not sanctuaries for (or from) humanity?

Heroncroft,
Woldingham, Surrey.

## MARX BEGAN IT

SIR,—Purporting to correct an author's error, Maurice Edelman commits one just as bad.

He writes: "Lenin, not Shaw, first spoke of the 'idiocy of village life.'" From that one would assume that Edelman was a good student of Leninism, but certainly not of Marxism. The original quotation reads: "and has thus rescued a considerable part of the population from the idiocy of rural life," and comes from *The Communist Manifesto* (Lawrence and Wishart), by Marx (page 14).

L. SHUSTER

## SUBCUTANEOUS COSTUMES

SIR,—Your critic declares that the music, costumes and *décor* I devised for *The Wedding Bouquet* do not go "skin-deep." I am afraid that this remark may call forth the censure of Messrs. Graves and Fowler. Would it not be very disagreeable for the dancers if the costumes were to go skin-deep?

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HARRAP

# BOOKS IN GENERAL

Alexander Herzen came to live in England in 1852 and he stayed here until his death in 1870. The revolution of 1848 had broken him. He wished he had taken a gun in his hands and had died on the barricades. At least, he said, he would have taken one or two beliefs to the grave. His happiness, what he called the lyrical and truly personal part of his life, had come to an end. I was writing the week before last about his childhood and youth as they are described in the first two volumes of his *Memoirs;* now I have succeeded in getting Constance Garnett's six volume English edition (Chatto and Windus) in which Herzen continues his story. He began to write to assuage his own grief, to explain his life to himself, to grow a skin hard enough to withstand the corrosion of loneliness, to save himself from the dreary, caricaturing extravagances of self-pity. The infidelity of his wife, the indignities he had to suffer from her lover who wanted to enslave the emotions and exploit the purse of the Herzens in the most dubious traditions of Romantic freedom, then the death of his wife, his mother and his child under circumstances of violent tragedy, had all been borne by Herzen since the hot Parisian summer of '48. The drama of European politics had burst and had left the dregs of hysteria in private life. Herzen's wife, especially, cracked under this strain. She could not fall back as Herzen did, upon a caustic scepticism. She turned to the sick-minded, political poet, the pusillanimous Herwegh, not because he was strong but because, unlike her husband, he was weak. She wished to indulge the collapse of her feelings. It is the old, rather squalid story of a woman succumbing to the man who tells her what a failure he is, that hers are the skirts which will save him from drowning. As a professional drowner, Herwegh went successfully from woman to woman and did very well out of it financially. Money, or its equivalent in comfort and kind, was a left-handed object. Herwegh's own wife, one of the voracious, German romantic celebrity-hunters of the time—Herzen is very good on the subject of women of the period—had captured him by will and money; and the Herzens were well off too. Herzen comes out of all this with dignity and, on the whole, the amount of conventional humbug common in such cases is small. If he overdoes his explanations about the duel with Herwegh that did not come off, Herzen is entitled to the contempt he shows for a man who writes letters sobbing for a husband's esteem, etc., while he is also sobbing his way to the seduction of the wife on the sly.

Unlike so many of the Romantics, Herzen knew that behaviour has certain minimum requirements. His sense of fitness and order was not conventional; it was an intellectual passion and was imbued with a knowledge of the heart. So when he comes to London in 1852, this is the force one is most conscious of in him. At first he lived near Primrose Hill, a neighbourhood favoured by refugees. He spent his days almost without acquaintance in a large cold drawing room filled with his landlord's statues which ranged, with a comprehensive irony, for one who had gone through a great deal for the political and the connubial emotions, from a bust of Lola Montez to one of Queen Victoria. He writes:

> There is no town in the world which is more adapted for training one away from people and training one into solitude than London. The manner of life, the distance, the climate, the very multitude of the population in which the individual is lost, all this together with the absence of Continental diversions conduces to the same effect. One who knows how to live alone has nothing to fear from the dullness of London. The life here, like the atmosphere, is bad for the weak, for the frail, for one who seeks a prop outside himself, for one who seeks cordiality, sympathy and attention; the moral lungs here must be as strong as the sulphuric acid in the smoky fog. . . . I used to sit and look, and my soul would grow quieter and more peaceful. And through all this I came to love this dreadful anthill, where every night a hundred thousand men knew not where to lay their heads, and the police often find women and children dead of hunger beside hotels where one cannot dine for less than two pounds.

A large number of refugees settled in England in the middle of the nineteenth century. There were revolutionaries from the barricades, Frenchmen and Germans; there were the Polish and Italian patriots and Russians who had felt the squeeze of the Russian political police. They were all rather mystified, as Herzen was, by a country where the sight of a policeman gave a feeling of security, at any rate to a middle-class man. They even resented slightly their freedom from persecution and were angry about the coarseness of English manners. For the man without a country is apt to develop nerves and to live on his wrongs as if they were his capital. The British do not understand this state of mind, though their character often grows on similar lines in the lonely colonies. As Herzen says, it is a fundamental need of man to be judged by his own people. Herzen, of course, became the centre of refugee society, and he was strong enough to fill that ungrateful post. He was well off; he was a realist. At some time in his life—it must have been earlier than the trouble of his marriage—an injury had been inflicted on his nature which enabled him to stand clear of headlong intimacies, to live not alone, but on his own, among a wide circle of clamouring acquaintances. He gave his money away with the scepticism of an inured backer of horses, hoping he had judged the form correctly, but not astonished when he found he had put his shirt on a rogue.

He advised angry patriots about English law and smiled an experienced smile when he saw English counsel deflate the exuberant apostrophes of foreign witnesses. In those parts of his *Memoirs* which describe his dealings with great personalities like Garibaldi, Mazzini, Bakunin and Louis Blanc, Herzen's power of sympathy and penetration is invaluable; but he is not without that—what is it?—a sort of pompousness, what I believe Mr. H. G. Wells called "the great man complex," which was common in the nineteenth century. This fuss of intrigue comes puffing in like a paterfamilias in Herzen's *Memoirs*. His more interesting achievement was that he wrote a natural history of the refugee.

Who were they, these bearded and long-haired people who quarrelled with each other, spied on each other, borrowed from each other and were, as often as not, not on speaking terms, and whom *Punch* grossly laughed at, as they sat in the cafés of Soho and Leicester Square? They were mostly middle-class people who could just keep afloat in their own countries, where the middle class was small, by very little work, by sinecures and political influence. They did not believe in work in the sense that the English middle class believed in it, there was no middle-class tradition in their countries. Herzen was constantly warning them that exile without hard work, under most dispiriting conditions, was not in itself a profession; that one could be a second-rate journalist or hack lawyer in one's own country, but not out of it:

> Meeting the same men, the same groups in five or six months, in two or three years—one feels terrified: the same arguments are still going on, the same personalities, and recriminations, only the furrows drawn by poverty and privation are deeper; jackets and overcoats are shabbier; there are more grey hairs and everything about them is older and bonier and more gloomy—and still the same things being said over again.

There was no war to provide these people with an outlet. If the foreigner kept to his own dress and customs, the Englishman (Herzen noted) jeered at him, but in the end, got used to him and treated him as an independent person. If, in his first panic, the foreigner tried to be English, the Englishman at once ceased to respect him. It may be imagined, Herzen says, what a mess the Germans especially made of this tight-rope walking. Their sense of inferiority wrecked them; they were tactless, familiar, cringing, too stiff and too simple, "sentimental without reason and rude without provocation." As for the French, they simply detested the whole basis of English life: "The Frenchman is for ever running ahead of things, meddling in everything, training everybody, giving instructions about everything. The Englishman waits to see, does not meddle at all in other peoples' business and would be readier to be taught than to teach, but has not the time—he has to get to his shop." Herzen describes at length the trial of Barthélemy for murder—he had killed another refugee in a duel—and tells how delighted the French were by the tact of the judge and the lightness of the sentence, but how annoyed they were that all the patriotic speeches, all the recriminations, all the scandalous possibilities had not been developed. The guilty man would willingly have done ten years in order to get his own back on the character of the dead man; and the judge was criticised for not allowing the accused this chance of cutting off his nose to spite his face.

Herzen's caustic detachment was in itself a refugee quality and if it had not been allied to his hard work for political progress in Europe, it would have been cynical. But none of his reflections on life are like that. In this gallery of tragic and comic portraits, in his admirable surveys of character, he always seizes upon the vital things and upon the humane consideration. He tells a story with the economy of a great reporter and he was, I suppose, the greatest journalist of his day. No essential aspect of a case is omitted. There is the account of N. . . . the suspected spy, for example. Herzen's circle demanded that N. should be confronted with the charge. The man came round and an angry discussion took place:

> "You are accused by a certain person and not by him alone of having received money from the Prefect of Police at Paris."
>
> "Who is that person?"
>
> "T."
>
> "He is a blackguard."
>
> "That is not the point. Have you received money or not?"
>
> "I have," said N. with strained composure, looking Haug and me in the face. Haug made a convulsive grimace and uttered a sort of moan of impatience to begin reviling N. again. I took Haug by the hand and said, "Well, that is all we want." "No, it is not all," answered N. "I have not compromised anyone by a single line." "That fact can only be confirmed by your correspondent and he is not an acquaintance of mine." "Well, am I a criminal and you my judges or what? What makes you imagine that I am bound to justify myself to you?"

An observer, engrossed by righteous prejudice, might have forgotten to put down that last sentence. Yet N.'s sudden defiance is the thing that makes him real and human to our eyes. It is a cry from the injustice of his lot.

Herzen had hardened, as I said before, into a man who could record his experience with an uncommon mixture of nostalgia and scorn. One tempers the other. He had a capacity for considering the development of his mind, and one finds in his reflections the story of the failures and achievements of those who had overthrown their faith and lived, for better or worse, by the Romantic revelation. Herzen is interesting because he is, in many ways, writing our own history, but in that astringent and speculative manner which has gone since the decline of philosophic education. Somewhere in the pages of this hard, honest observer of what movements do to men, we shall find ourselves.

V. S. Pritchett

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## OUTSIDE IT

**A Witness Tree.** By Robert Frost. *Cape.* 5s.

Not till I had read these poems a fourth or a fifth time did it occur to me that they contain no mention of the war. Most of them, probably, had been written before Pearl Harbour; 1941 is the most recent date, given in a footnote, and of the few dated poems one goes back to "*circa* 1900"; but whether the book is a collection of pre-war pieces or not, its appearance says the same thing: namely that, for Frost, the war is less important than the seasons, the cow that has gone dry, the light on New Hampshire hills. He cultivates his garden—a small farm, as it happens; that is his universe, to which he hasn't, like so many dispirited sages, retired in a panic but belongs and has always belonged by right. He is a quietist: how many such are there to-day who burst their lungs with shouting! Frost's poetry remains quiet, he doesn't give ground, and his "triple bronze" is what it has always been.

> The Infinite's being so wide
> Is the reason the Powers provide
> For inner defence my hide.
> For next defence outside
>
> I make myself this time
> Of wood or granite or lime
> A wall too hard for crime
> Either to breach or climb.
>
> Then a number of us agree
> On a national boundary.
> And that defence makes three
> Between too much and me.

Not, in these times, an attitude to be encouraged! "That wall now, Mr. Frost" (one imagines a security officer beginning), "you know, of course, that the Japs have ways of getting over it without having to climb? Very well. And agreements about national boundaries aren't just what they were; and your first line of defence—let's see, hum, ha—'your hide'; that's really quite a laugh, excuse me. If you take my advice, now, you'll be putting a tin-hat over that hide. And not so much of the 'I' and 'me': there's a war on, you understand. 'The Infinite'—never heard of it. 'The Powers'—you be careful what you say about them; some are on our side and some aren't; you don't want to be known as an isolationist, do you? And just a final word of warning. You don't read the newspapers enough. Got a radio? Thought not. Well, you pipe down a little, that's all."

Yet genuinely, to Frost (I hope I don't presume too much in attributing these views), the war is incidental. He lives and writes *sub specie aeternitatis*, in the light of that toil by which the huge majority of men and women in the past have always lived. His universe is bounded by the fence that needs mending, by drought, by getting up and going to bed, by love and family and neighbours, by market day or a day's climbing in the mountains. This routine—since he is a poet, and among the very best of living poets—is transfigured by a devotion and vision akin to—whom should one say? Wordsworth comes to mind, but while Wordsworth was a pensive aesthete and thinker, Frost has the philosophy that is shaped, with curious gnarls of understanding, by work. Hence the exact and living detail, the gnomic lore in which his poetry abounds. "Something there is that doesn't love a wall" is probably his best-known line. As a line, to be quoted next to lines by Tennyson or Keats, it isn't striking; yet it sinks in, the poem which it begins leaves a picture that must sidle between us and plotted landscapes wherever we see them. And despite an addiction to detail as patient as Crabbe's, the detail never goes flat or obliterates the mood it engenders. Mood and fact in his poetry are perfectly balanced.

> That far-off day the leaves in flight
> Were letting in the colder light.
> A season-ending wind there blew
> That as it did the forest strew
> I leaned on with a singing trust
> And let it drive me deathward too . . .

"Deathward," there, is quietly and wonderfully chosen. No word of Frost's ever has a specious brightness, and we can read some of the poems in this volume, unattentively, once or twice before the "developer" operates in our mind. Once fixed, though, the poem doesn't fade; or, if it's a failure, it comes out evenly, but in a bad light. Moments of vision, deliberately held, have always distinguished his poetry, but they are more frequent, it seems to me—or is it merely the pleasure of re-encounter?—in *A Witness Tree* than in any other book of his. One lyric, "Come In," especially should attract English readers who for some reason have never quite taken to Frost.

> As I came to the edge of the woods,
> Thrush music—hark!
> Now if it was dusk outside,
> Inside it was dark.
>
> Too dark in the woods for a bird
> By sleight of wing
> To better its perch for the night,
> Though it still could sing.
>
> The last of the light of the sun
> That had died in the west
> Still lived for one song more
> In a thrush's breast.
>
> Far in the pillared dark
> Thrush music went—
> Almost like a call to come in
> To the dark and lament.
>
> But no, I was out for stars:
> I would not come in.
> I meant not even if asked,
> And I hadn't been.

Such subtle simplicities are the reward of a hard life, lived privately and with devotion. To speak of ivory towers in the case of such a writer is to miss the point. He isn't a builder of political futures; he is even—if you like—out of touch with the things most of us have put temporarily first. "The present," he says, though probably without thought of the world's situation:

> The present
> Is too much for the senses,
> Too crowding, too confusing—
> Too present to imagine,

and in a poem that has started with a prayer for rain answered by bucketfuls and floods, he reaches this conclusion:

> There is much in nature against us. But we forget:
> Take nature altogether since time began,
> Including human nature, in peace and war,
> And it must be a little more in favour of men,
> Say a fraction of one per cent. at the very least,
> Or our number living wouldn't be steadily more,
> Our hold on the planet wouldn't have so increased.

Words written before the war, no doubt, or before the war hit America, but he may well feel the same to-day. They are stubborn words, and stupid or wise according to who utters them. If any man has the right to "keep out," to go on with what he has always done as peasants do on a battlefield, it is Robert Frost. He is, if not a great poet, one whose stature will not diminish.

G. W. Stonier

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cracy have too often assumed, an organ of government with a responsibility to the public. It is not, and never has been, wholly one or the other, and because the two motives—the making of money by selling news and the creation of power by the manipulation of news—are constantly confused, sometimes the one and sometimes the other predominating in varying proportions in every paper, almost all books on the press are unsatisfactory. Mr. Harris does not pretend that money plays no part in the business of newspaper production, but he assumes, often with too much alacrity, that, in spite of its commercial basis, the press can be judged as if it were principally concerned with the business of politics. And yet the reporter is only occasionally sent out with instructions to collect good political ammunition, and the leader writer in a daily paper (in times of peace) cannot always write without the advertiser in mind. On the other hand, the proprietor certainly does not think only of dividends; he puts circulation above everything, partly because it means money, and partly because it means titles, influence, the companionship of Cabinet Ministers, the opportunities, at moments of crises, to affect the destinies of nations. Money, power, and political views are inextricably blended.

Mr. Wilson Harris writes with the ease and persuasion of the old hand; he has dug deep into Fox-Bourne, that often forgotten mine of information, for his summary of the past of the existing newspapers and he has used, more sparingly, the results of the P.E.P. inquiry into the press in our day. He discusses pleasantly enough the problems of journalism and the subtle relation of editor to proprietor—without, it seems to me, adequately admitting that few editors of commercial papers in these days really have the final word in the policy of their papers. Sometimes Mr. Harris surprises me. Remarking, truly, that the truth is difficult to tell and the sub-editor only human when it comes to achieving a precise balance in selecting and cutting copy, he adds: "The unforgivable sin is so to select and omit as deliberately to serve some political or other end. It is a sin rarely committed in a flagrant form . . ." Mr. Wilson Harris writes this in solemn good faith, without his tongue in his cheek. He also suggests that the interference by the advertiser with newspaper policy is rare. He quotes a fine passage from C. P. Scott in which he speaks of the need of keeping the editorial as far apart as possible from the advertising side of a paper, and I could add a remarkable instance of C. P. Scott's loyalty to that principle. On one occasion when the *Manchester Guardian* was in low water as the result of its independent policy, C. P. Scott insisted on the appearance of an article which lost thousands of pounds of advertising. But not many newspapers or proprietors take this fine attitude, and C. P. Scott was unique in being proprietor as well as editor. On the other side I recall the case of a great newspaper which was compelled, if it wished to retain an important contract, to publish a whole series of articles to contradict an editorial statement which had given offence to an important business interest. I could quote other similar examples, and my guess is that Mr. Harris does not realise the influence of the advertiser because he has not, in fact, wished to write things that offend advertisers—or at least offend them much. But the influence of the advertiser is not primarily of this direct character. Commercial advertising dictates the very character of the British press. If advertising were not founded on sales and particularly on "class" circulation, and if the dividends of newspapers in time of peace did not so largely depend on advertising, then much would be said in the press that should be said and is not said. The middle-class character of the British press is the result of advertising influence.

Let us not pretend that the advertisers crowd the columns of the "Left" as readily as they do the papers of the "Right," or that those who control the British press even for a minute forget that advertisers make the paper pay, that the receipts are what matters, and that the advertiser prefers to advertise in a paper which seems to appeal to people with money to pay for the goods advertised.

Mr. Wilson Harris ends with an interesting point. He discusses whether after the war, with immensely swifter communications, we shall have joint Anglo-Saxon papers, partly printed each day in England or America, and the other part flown over in matrix form. He is rather less hopeful of European newspapers, because although the technical difficulties of distance and the reliability of flying is less hard to overcome the language difficulty is greater. He holds, I think rightly, that this is not insuperable, at least for Western Europe. One can also imagine solutions for the even greater difficulties of control and rival interests. The prospects of international papers are well worth consideration, and I could have wished that Mr. Harris had further developed this fascinating theme.

FLEET STREET

## ITALY AND FASCISM

**Italy from Within.** By RICHARD G. MASSOCK. *Macmillan.* 15s.

**Trumpets Bray—The Why of Fascism, and the Wherefore of Mussolini.** By ODETTE KEUN. *Constable.* 3s. 6d.

Twenty years of Fascist propaganda, with its distortions, suppressions, and technical cunning, have blurred the outlines of history. There has been too little realisation that, among the Italians themselves, those able to give guidance were the exceptional few whose convictions led them assiduously to remember what it would have been more convenient to forget, to analyse and supplement where their immediate comfort would have counselled unquestioning acceptance. The would-be student of Fascist Italy who set out—as was too often the case, even with correspondents of papers of high standing—without the thorough knowledge of the past that could explain the present, and without the introductions or technique of approach that would unloose tongues normally bound by risk of very precise penalties, inevitably brought back more chaff than grain.

This is unhappily the case with the first of the two books with which we are here concerned. Mr. Massock's honesty and fair-mindedness are evident in every line. But before becoming head of the Rome Office of the Associated Press in 1938 he had spent only one vacation in Italy, when, as he acknowledges, he "saw it through the sun-glasses of the American tourist." In telling the story of the rise and rule of Fascism it is his method to let facts speak for themselves, but sometimes the facts themselves are wrong; oftener still, they are the wrong facts, valueless save inset in a coherent context, while others, of vital import, are omitted.

Take as a random instance the following statement, presented as explanatory of the advent of Mussolini: "A succession of Prime Ministers from the Liberals, Socialists, and the Catholic Popular Party had failed to rally parliament and the country to a national programme." There was never a Prime Minister from either of the two mass parties, Socialists or Popolari (the latter founded only in 1919). It was, indeed, the refusal of the veteran Socialist leader, Turati (fearing the disapproval of the revolutionary wing of his party), to take office as head of a Socialist-Popular coalition that left the weak Liberal Facta in power when Mussolini made his march on Rome.

Again, Mr. Massock says that in November,

The Westminster Bank
is represented by an extensive system of branch offices in England and Wales with agents elsewhere, and is amply equipped to conduct your private and commercial banking business. The Manager of any branch will gladly give an interview to discuss or explain any point which will help a client, or prospective client, to a full use of the services available to the Bank's customers.
WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED
Head Office: 41 Lothbury
London, E.C.2

X marks the Victim!
Do you realize that one out of every seven of the people you see around you is liable, one day, to become a victim of cancer? Do you know that every year over 70,000 people die as a result of this dread disease? At The Royal Cancer Hospital is a group of workers who do not consider that such things are inevitable. But without your help they cannot continue. Please help by sending a gift.
The Royal Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM RD., LONDON, S.W.3

B.Sc. ECON.
Men and women who wish to prepare for post-war opportunities should obtain the London University B.Sc. Econ. degree. It is not only a valuable qualification for teaching or administrative posts under Education authorities, but also for statistical research and welfare work in commerce and industry. The degree is open to all. You may prepare for it at home under the experienced guidance of Wolsey Hall, and tuition fees may be spread over the period of the Course. 334 Wolsey Hall students passed London B.Sc. Econ. (External) exams., 1925-42. Prospectus, post free, from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. VH17,
WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

WHEN THE FIGHTING STOPS
G. D. H. Cole
5d. post free.
THE FUTURE OF GERMANY
H. N. Brailsford,
P. Gordon Walker, and others.
10d. post free.
Full list of "Peace Aims Pamphlets" available.
NATIONAL PEACE COUNCIL
(Ref. N.S.),
144, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1

From the Middle East

". . . The parcel was marked 'Salvaged from Sea' . . . the Tobacco was perfect," he writes.
JOHN SINCLAIR'S
Barneys
Barneys (*medium*), Punchbowle (*full*)
Parsons Pleasure (*mild*), 1 oz. 2/9½d

1938, Mussolini, reviewing a demonstration of war veterans, was "greeted by the strange cry of 'Savoy, Nice, Tunisia'"—as though that cry had not been heard at intervals since 1927, the year of a curious incident when the Fascist militia reserve was mobilised and a small body actually crossed the French frontier. It was in that year that Mussolini declared: "We must be able, at a given moment, to mobilise five million men and arm them. . . . Then, when, between 1935 and 1940, we have reached a crucial point in European history, we shall be able to make our voice heard and finally to see our rights recognised." This, and, indeed, the whole web of international intrigue between the bombardment of Corfu and the Abyssinian War, Mr. Massock ignores.

In the latter part of the book his integrity gives value to his descriptions of Italy in the war (he remained till May, 1942), even though his contacts were increasingly limited to the narrow world of the diplomats. Of the unpopularity of the war and the loathing of the Germans, whose control of the country is complete, he gives conclusive evidence, but though he had heard of three revolutionary nuclei—among the workers, the university students, and the intellectuals—and of a certain amount of organised sabotage, he judges that the Italians have neither the spirit nor the material possibility of revolt unaided and are "waiting for the United Nations to depose their despot." All the country seems to ask, he says, is "a fair deal, peace, and the opportunity for its sons to work abroad."

This, substantially, is Miss Keun's conclusion also; she notes that Italy has two perennial problems—an outlet for her surplus population, and the provision of indispensable resources from abroad. Personal and impassioned where Mr. Massock seeks to be "factual and objective," her book is incomparably more illuminating in its general lines. A wide background of historical knowledge, a living experience of the inter-related developments of European politics in the last twenty years, and an unerring discrimination of what is significant, enable her to trace the continuity of events. One may find some of her judgments too sweeping or questionable—as when she repeatedly denies the Italians any sense of political morality: in a Cairoli who at the Congress of Berlin stood for a "policy of clean hands," though this could be derided as a "policy of empty hands," or in a Sforza or a Sturzo in our own time, we find as unwaveringly ethical an approach to politics as in a Gladstone, but oftener they have a shrewd rightness that are a revealing delight. (How neatly, for instance, she summarises the factors through which Fascism became consolidated as "propaganda, coercion, and foreign praise"!) She, like Mr. Massock, is wary of predicting the future, but she holds—it was the conclusion of Don Sturzo's *Italy and Fascismo* sixteen years ago which remains the fundamental text-book on the question—that a democratic Italy, accepting her place as a second-class Power, and receiving from the United Nations just consideration of her necessities, may regain her historic role "of an informing, civilising, and creative mission."

Barbara Barclay Carter

## NEW NOVELS

**Caught.** By Henry Green. *Hogarth Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

**Ministry of Fear.** By Graham Greene. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

**Late and Soon.** By E. M. Delafield. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

**Yellow Tapers for Paris.** By Bruce Marshall. *Constable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

If only one might add the name of Julien to the two Green(e)s who appear so richly together this week! Under one surname would be assembled three of the most active and dissimilar talents in the whole field of the modern novel. But this small sigh of regret seems ungracious when confronted by an already unusual and happy coincidence. After exploring for several unenlightened months the littered yet strangely vacant corridors of the modern English novel, it is a fine exhilaration to encounter two proper novelists, bravely immune to the general decay.

The only resemblance between these two writers lies in their honesty of purpose and their high measure of achievement (although it is odd that the heroes of both the books under review have been given the same surname with a different spelling!). Graham Greene belongs to the grand tradition of moralists, in the sense, far from narrow or didactic, in which Dickens, Tolstoy, Dostoevosky and Gide are moralists. Even in so relatively light a work as *Ministry of Fear*, there is a passionate awareness of evil, a Miltonic struggle between fascination and repulsion. In *Brighton Rock* or *The Power and the Glory*—Mr. Greene's most considerable achievements—good and evil are the theme and impulse of the whole book. Henry Green, though a deeply emotional writer, belongs to a different and a more esoteric tradition, to Flaubert, Firbank and Virginia Woolf. The function of these novelists is to perceive and imaginatively to interpret. Hence Henry Green is more interested in words, in verbal and pictorial subtlety; Graham Greene in ideas, in intellectual subtlety. The distinction is by no means absolute, for neither novelist is altogether lacking in the principal qualities of the other; it is a question wholly of emphasis.

*Caught* is the best book Henry Green has yet written. Even in his first immature novel, *Blindness*, he showed a peculiar and powerful talent which owed no very obvious debt to anyone. In his later books it sometimes seemed that the peculiarity was stifling the power; and *Pack my Bag*, the autobiography which appeared at the beginning of the war, was partly marred by eccentricity. Besides this, it was written in a period of extreme hysteria, a rather frenzied *cri-de-coeur* from the scaffold of 1939. But Mr. Green has now reached some kind of haven, with the possibility of recollection in comparative tranquillity. The result is a novel which not only unites all the qualities he has already shown, but marks an important stage in the development of this important novelist.

Henry Green has been a member of the Auxiliary Fire Service in London since September, 1939, and *Caught* is a novel based on this organisation and its experiences. Advisedly "based on," for unlike nearly all the would-be novelists of this war, Mr. Green is in complete control of his material. Certainly he has extracted from the Fire Service a wealth of new and brilliant factual information—but this much is within the ability of a perceptive journalist or an experienced mass observer. Green, with that true alchemy of the creative artist, has done far more; he has converted observed fact into imaginative truth.

Thus on the first level there are many vivid descriptions of station life, of conflagrations in the docks and of working-class conversation. The last is important as a token of true and careful observation. The language is immediately convincing, wonderfully free from all music-hall misconceptions, "character" talk and spurious Cockney wit—free, too, from the heavy heroics of so-called "proletarian writing" with its self-conscious masculinity. Without any first-hand information about firemen, I knew (and subsequently confirmed) that this is how they talk. Authenticity is always self-evident, and such a rich oddity of phrase could not be anything but accurate. In all this groundwork of the novelist's art, Henry Green is finely perceptive, collecting his material with both gusto and discrimination. But he is very far from being a mere collector, or even a mere selector of relevant and novel facts. Once the collection has been made he proceeds to mould, push, pull and squeeze the material into the artistic shape which he has chosen.

Thus the firemen of this unusual book are not the mere shoddy "types" which have become a facile substitute for true creation. How well one knows them and how deeply one dislikes them. . . . The Old Comic, the Leader of Men, the Youngster, the Coward, those dreary conventions of this war's bad novels! No, Green's firemen are in the first place real people with all the singularity of real people. Sub-Officer Pye should become at least a minor immortal of fiction, for he represents a phenomenon which I believe never to have been described before. He is the benevolent, bewildered and suspicious proletarian, for whom authority proves tragically too sudden and indigestible. He wishes—how he wishes—to understand and to be understood, but his intelligence is just inadequate, and that bare inadequacy leads to outrageous failure. He looks at the world with confused and baffled eyes, through the wall of the long-acquired technical knowledge which is so useless in any real change of situation.

But even this is not the limit either of the novelist's function or of Henry Green's achievement. In itself "creation of character" lies as much within the scope of historian or biographer. In this book a sinister and macabre sub-plot has been intimately grafted to the boredom and grim excitement of the fire station. This is the story of Pye's mad sister, which begins with her sudden and shocking contact with the hero's five-year-old son. The story is unravelled retrospectively as the principal theme develops progressively (although with many temporal digressions which are employed throughout the book with great dramatic effect). Somehow a whole new dimension is added by this perpetual intrusion of the abnormal on the normal, this intimate play between routine and fantasy.

To some extent this may be judged a "novelist's novel," in that many of its most satisfactory effects are achieved by a thoughtful originality of technique. But it should be read by anyone who believes that the English novel has already died a natural death, and by anyone who mistakes the monthly dose of war fiction for true novel writing.

Graham Greene has always made a cautious and sensible differentiation between his novels and those works of a lesser seriousness to which he gives the title of "entertainment." Since both *Stamboul Train* and *A Gun for Sale* are relegated to the more modest category, it will be recognised at once that Mr. Greene's "entertainments" are far superior to ninety-nine per cent. of current works masquerading under the grander title. *Ministry of Fear*, though possibly the least ambitious book by this brilliant writer, is an outstanding entertainment and a reputable novel. For even at his lightest, Mr. Greene preserves his high standard of intellectual originality, and his peculiar selective vision.

*Ministry of Fear* is typical Greene—on the very first page the familiar seedy fugitive sets out on his fearful peregrinations, and pursues them with the movements of some recurring nightmare. In a moment we are transported to the world of suspicion, terror, worn carpets and soiled cuffs. But although there is little new in the theme, the details are as finely conceived as ever. Nor is the book lacking in its scalding, unpalatable statement—in this case that cruelty is the almost inevitable concomitant of pity. Best, perhaps, to say that *Ministry of Fear* triumphantly vindicates its claim to entertain. It neither marks, nor claims to mark, any progression in Graham Greene as a novelist.

As for the last two novels, the company proves far too distinguished for them, perhaps unfairly so. Miss Delafield writes of the declining County with an occasional shaft of malice, but also with too sentimental and hackneyed an affection. Mr. Marshall scurries over the well-trodden path of France's disintegration, proffering a semi-mystical lesson and a virulent attack (for all the denial in the Foreword) on nearly every element in pre-war French society.

Both books achieve at times a certain subtlety of observation, but their authors seem incapable of any progress beyond this initial stage. Whenever creation is attempted, the result is commonplace and unsuccessful.

Philip Toynbee

# Week-end Competitions

## No. 699

**Set by G. W. Stonier**

Everywhere, in tubes and buses, the eye is met by instructional couplets:

Kindly move along the bus
And so make room for more of us.

Competitors are asked to provide three similar sign-posts in verse for one (or one each for three) of the following: a ballet audience, members of the Athenæum Club, a Turkish Bath, the Ministry of Information, a Soho horse-steak restaurant, a cinema queue, reviewers for the *New Statesman and Nation*, week-end competitors, dog-lovers, and Baconians.

Entries must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, July 5th.

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## RESULTS OF COMPETITION No. 696

**Set by Rosamond Lehmann**

Most of us have vivid memories—searing or ecstatic, or, more usually, a mixture of these emotions—of the children's parties we attended in our early youth. Competitors are invited to write a description, in not more than 200 words, of the party they remember best.

**Report by Rosamond Lehmann**

I had expected this to be Women's Week in what proved to be a popular competition, and was agreeably surprised to find that the male entries at least equalled the female. I had imagined little boys more impervious to the impacts of society; or else so outraged by the mass-assault upon their egos that they countered with an immediate shutter, memory-proof except in dreams. The event goes to prove how deceptive is the smooth abstract front they present to the world. I hoped for some entries from children, but there were none. One definite fact emerges: the searing parties far outweigh the ecstatic in recollection.

This competition was extremely difficult to judge. For one thing the majority—though all were enjoyable—made slightly monotonous reading, owing to the perpetual recurrence of similar memories. Without particular distinction of style, they blurred into one another: the anguish of competition, of suspected favouritism, of feeling unsuitable, left out; the adored frock, the hated frock, the always loathed velvet suit; the barometer of self-esteem rocketing up and down, smashed altogether; the fairy doll on the top of the tree given over and over again to the other little girl, or not given at all: the undying image of the wrong, the substitute, present. The colour of the entries was predominently pink: pink frocks and sashes, pink cake, pink ices; the amount of vomiting most marked. The Edwardian flash-backs gave me a pleasant nostalgia: four-wheelers, gas-lit streets, Shetland shawls under the coats. Elizabeth Sprigg's memory of that abolished ritual, straw laid down in the streets for illness, brought back a particularly sharp period impression.

Though I cannot altogether agree with Sir Robert Witt that present-day children go off quite nonchalantly to their parties. I think the humiliation caused by social *gaffes* have declined. Some taboos no longer operate, particularly those centring upon "manners." I liked his own example of good breeding.

"The Christmas party started with presents. There was a pin-cushion. My hostess explained: 'I thought Mrs. ——'s child was a girl.' Beastly careless! But I said, 'Thank you, I always wanted a pin-cushion—though not very much.'"

Cecil Beaton is to be congratulated on a robust and spirited piece; R. H. Griffin on a coldly disabused view of himself; Mrs. Cornford on a charmingly written sketch.

After dreadful heart and mind searchings, I suggest a first prize of two guineas to V. H. for a piece which is "different" as well as delightful; and a guinea each to Morna Stuart for a curiously haunting fragment (though I think the sentence beginning "I am white" out of key), and to R.P. Tyrone Guthrie and Towanbucket sent entries hardly less brilliant which I wish there were space to print.

### FIRST PRIZE

It must have been in the early 80's that Madame Waddington gave a children's party in Paris, to which I and my brother were invited. A scent of orange flower and wax candles rose from the great table round which we sat staring at the castellated gâteaux St. Honoré, flowing éclairs and marrons glacés, with awed consideration. Time for crackers! Tongues wag, whistles blow and caps fly.

At that moment a fuzzy-whiskered butler giant in white gloves, cried: "Madame Gladeston . . ." There stood in the doorway a little, old lady in black—Mrs. William Gladstone. My brother whispered: "Get under the table," and I scuttled obediently after him.

"Where are the Freeman children?" said someone after Blind man's buff had been in progress some time. When extricated and questioned, my brother replied: "We know Mr. Gladstone is a murderer, so we thought Mrs. Gladstone might be one too." "Giving away home politics!" said Madame Waddington, introducing us amid much laughter. We felt abashed, but all was forgotten in listening to the raucous cries of Guignol, and when Nannie wrapped me in a shawl and I cuddled down on her safe bosom, sleep quickly dispelled the joys and horrors of a children's party.

V. H.

### SECOND PRIZES

What a Memsahib is my Mamma, what a noble birthday party for her son, my brother! Sahibs, Mems, Sonny and missy sahibs, governesses, natives, ayahs.

This compound is highest in the station, flat under grey skies. One side is all trees of cypress; the grey apes, langur, hang there and regard the sahibs' party. One side is open, the snow-steppes going to Tibet.

They crowd in the yellow, quiet dust, sonnies and missies with Howdoyoudo to Memsahib Mamma and birthday presents to noble Sonny beside her. They scoop in presents from the bran tub and crowd off. I am white, but O my soul is black with watching the traffic and silent beside my governess. Out loud I ask her, "Can I scoop in the bran tub?"

Memsahib is disgusted. Missies who ask are disqualified from bran tubs. I am not her missy, not her guest. Nameless and ungifted, ghost with a governess at the sahibs' party.

The same dark night, a lamp and governess shine. Yes, I am awake. This present, she whispers and gives it me through the bars of my cot, this got left over in the bran tub. You can have it. Nobody wants it.

MORNA STUART

#### SEARING MEMORY OF A CHILDREN'S PARTY

Sixpence was a meal in our home.

When Tommy asked me to go to his birthday party, Mother pursed her lips anxiously and half shook her head.

"Oh, but *can't* I go?" I pleaded.

"I'd love you to," Mother said, "It's the present I'm thinking of—it'll cost about half a crown."

Dismay struck my heart young.

But later there came a brainwave. The Blow Football game Uncle John had given me at Christmas had hardly been played with. To be sure, the ball was dented, but the gentle heat of a candle soon remedied that.

The great day came. With pride I handed over the refurbished game. Tommy was delighted: "Come on!" he said, "let's have a go now!"

A dozen eager hands whipped off the table-cloth. The game started. Tommy blew and blew and blew—with no effect.

A knitting-needle was produced, and the pathetic shift revealed to the pitying eyes of Tommy's mother. A dottle of chewing-gum was pushed out of the blow-pipe.

R. P.

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## Company Meeting

## SMITH'S POTATO CRISPS

### SIR HERBERT MORGAN'S SPEECH

THE fourteenth ordinary general meeting of Smith's Potato Crisps (1929), Limited, was held on June 16th in London, Sir Herbert E. Morgan, K.B.E. (the chairman), presiding.

The chairman, in the course of his speech, said: The profit for the year is £208,459, as against £212,268 last year, but after deducting the smaller provision necessary for taxation, the net profit at £83,761 is slightly higher than the net profit of £80,065 shown last year. The directors propose that a dividend of 20 per cent. and cash bonus of 5 per cent. should be paid, the same as last year.

We have had another satisfactory year in our subsidiary company, Smith's Potato Estates, Limited, and a free of tax dividend of £18,000 has been brought in from this source, the same as last year.

Many of us realise that the activities of Lord Woolton have been directed towards the wiser utilisation of food grown in this country. This policy should prove to be of lasting benefit to the whole community and should tend to make these islands less dependent on foreign produce. My excursion into these problems could not have been made unless I was convinced that Smith's Potato Crisps could pass any test connected with real nutritive value, attractiveness, economy and convenience in use. They rank in the country among those articles that are in the forefront of good food.

It must be remembered that for 2d. a packet, we provide a nourishing meal, perfectly prepared, which can be eaten hot or cold. Crisps can be taken with any meal, consumed at the desk or bench, on a seat in the park, or they can help stock the haversack, bicycle bag, picnic basket or luncheon box. One finds it difficult to conceive any other national product that can make these claims or are such a standby to so many households, particularly under present conditions of rationing.

The company supplies every section of H.M. Forces, as well as men and women engaged in Civil Defence, and vast numbers of munition workers. The supply is quite inadequate, but we have been attempting to persuade the Government that as we are so fully co-operating in their policy of increasing the consumption of potatoes they should extend further assistance to us. Given the facilities, so eager is the demand for Crisps, that we believe we could utilise a further 100,000 tons of potatoes a year in their production. The shortage of supplies has emphasised the great demand of the public for our Crisps and has brought much pleasing evidence of their popularity.

Our valuable estates in the Eastern Counties continue to prosper, and are of great service to our business in general. We are glad to be playing our full part in the recent wonderful development of the agricultural industry of Great Britain in which the Government are rendering vigorous and full support.

We must all express our gratitude to our managing director, Mr. Frank Smith. The founder of the business has devoted the whole of his great capacity and enthusiasm to its development for nearly a quarter of a century. His courage never wavers and our difficulties serve to bring out his resourcefulness.

The report was adopted.

**Accommodation Offered and Wanted**

CHARMING little divan room, S. Kensington. Gas fire, constant hot water. 30s. Box 629.

WALTON-ON-THAMES. Home offered to City gent in high-class (small) residence. Quiet, delightful garden, good train service, excellent cuisine, no other guests. £6 6s. weekly. References. Box 617.

BACHELOR, young and artistic, would welcome another of similar tastes as sole paying guest in his country home for short periods. Service officers on leave preferred. References essential. Box 627.

ARTIST would like accom. with sympathetic English fam., country house within 20 miles Oxford. Mod. convens. Good cooking. Box 620.

AIRMAN'S wife, two charming children, requires accommodation south of Thames. Furnished cottage, flat, or share house on moderate terms. Putney 2977.

**To Let and Wanted**

CHILTERNS, station, walking country, bung., furn. as bed-sit. for two, water, oil-cooker, Elsan, 25s. wkly., without linen. Box 608.

ABERYSTWYTH. To let for six wks. frm. end July or early Aug. Compact, fully furn. modern hse. Accom. five. Terms and partics., Sayers, Byeways, Llanbadarn, Aberystwyth.

HAMPSTEAD Heath, lovely position, in modern house, furn. suite, self cont., 2 bed, lounge, dining-rm., bath, etc. HAM. 5419.

TO LET. Bed-sitting room in attractive Bloomsbury flat. Use of kitchen, bathroom, 'phone. Box 768.

UNFURN. flat for two urgently reqd., anywhere near Teddington. Sub-Lt. Wood, 70 Portsmouth Rd., Woolston, Southampton.

COTTAGE wanted, Peaslake, Gt. Missenden, or near good Co-ed. school. Box 687.

TWO young professional women, often away, want sunny rooms in Hereford. Box 654.

WOULD couple with young child, having house with spare rooms, furn. or unfurn., care to share all expenses, work, and responsibilities, with similar family seeking house, quiet country, 20–50 miles London. B 183, The Parkway, Iver Heath, Bucks.

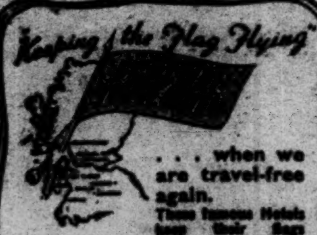
Health tip!

COOLTIPT

the cigarette* with the natural filter—cotton wool—which absorbs all the dust as well as the heat and nicotine.

ABDULLA COOLTIPT 20 for 2/4

* For 'Virginia' Smokers



. . . when we are travel-free again.

These famous Hotels keep their flags flying in complete readiness for that moment.

Corrie Hotel ............ Corrie, Arran
Douglas Hotel ......... Brodick, Arran
Lamlash Hotel ....... Lamlash, Arran
Crawford Hotel ... Crawford, Lanarkshire
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Caledonian Hotel ............ Lanark
Black Bull Hotel...Killearn, Stirlingshire
Rowardennan Hotel
Rowardennan, Loch Lomond
Gartocharn Hotel
Gartocharn, Loch Lomond
Balloch Hotel ... Balloch, Loch Lomond
King's Arms Hotel ... Girvan, Ayrshire

*Proprietors—Public House Trust (Glasgow District), Ltd., 102 West Regent Street, Glasgow, C.2. Doug. 6886.*

### Entertainments

UNITY. "India Speaks," Mulk Raj Anand; "The Sword of the Spirit," Randall Swingler. Thurs., Suns., 7.30 p.m. Mems. and Affils. EUS. 5391.

PLAYHOUSE (Whi. 7774), every evening, 6.30; Mats., Thurs., Sats., 2.30. The Old Vic Company, in "The Russians," a new Soviet play by Konstantin Simonov, produced by Tyrone Guthrie.

TAVISTOCK Little Theatre (EUSton 1816), Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Mary Ward Settlement presents Three One-Act Plays. "Villa for Sale," by Sacha Guitry; "Overruled," by G. B. Shaw; and "R.U.R." (Act 4), by K. Capek. Ad. 1/6. Fri. & S., July 2–3, 7 p.m.

WESTMINSTER (Vic. 0283). Last 2 perfs. Donald Wolfit in "The Imaginary Invalid." Sat. 2.30 and 6.30. From June 29th, "The Master Builder."

ARTS (TEM. 7541). Eve. 7, Sat. and Sun., 2.30. "The Judgment of Dr. Johnson," by G. K. Chesterton. Th. M'ship, 5*s.*

LONDON Philharmonic Arts Club, now at Reading Room (1st floor), Polytechnic, Upper Regent Street. Mon. next, 28th, at 7.30 p.m., Ernest Milton on Hamlet. Ad. (non-members), 1*s.* 6*d.* Partic. of membership from Sec., 295 Regent St., W.1. (LAN. 2572.)

YOUTH House "At Home" on Monday evenings. Lecture, discussion, dancing and sociability. 28th, 7.30, Christian Darnton, author Penguin Book "You and Music," on "Music and Politics." Vegetarian dinner (every day) 6.15 to 7. Programme of activities, Org. Sec., Youth Hse., 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1.

PROMENADE Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7 till Aug. 21st, London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Henry Wood. Associate Conductor: Basil Cameron. 3*s.*, 4*s.*, 5*s.*, 6*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.* Prom. (doors only), 2*s.* Details at Hall. (Ken. 3661.)

LONDON Philharmonic Orchestra, Albert Hall, Sun., July 4th, 3.30 p.m. Khatchaturian, Gershwin, etc. Proceeds British Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund. 6*s.* to 1*s.*

ANTHONY Bernard and the London Chamber Orchestra, Wigmore Hall, Wednesday next, at 6.30. "The Ephesian Matron (Dibdin, arr. Jacob); Scene from "Orfeo" (1647) (Luigi Rossi); Suite XVI Century Lute Tunes (Anthony Bernard); Three Botticellian Pictures (Respighi); Les Illuminations (Soprano and Strings) (Britten); Le Tombeau de Couperin (Ravel). Oda Slobodskaya (Soprano). 11*s.* 6*d.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, 6*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, at Hall and Ibbs and Tillett 124 Wigmore St.

### Lectures, Meetings and Exhibitions

CURRENT Courses of Lecture-Demonstrations on Preservation of Fruit and Vegetables in Wartime. Lectures now proceeding. Fee per course of three lecture-demonstrations 10*s.* 6*d.*, or 3*s.* 6*d.* each. Book in advance if possible. Dates and particulars of them, and other general cookery demonstrations, on application to Miss P. L. Garbutt, Principal, Good Housekeeping Institute, 30 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1. Sloane 4591.

"EMERGENCE of a World Faith"—series of talks—Baha'i Centre, 46 Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1, Sundays, 3.30 p.m. June 27: "Communities of the Future."

ETHICAL Church, Queensway, W.2. June 27th, 11.0. C. Kennedy Scott: "Rapture and Religious Technique."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Sunday Meetings, 11 a.m. June 27th: Prof. G. W. Keeton, M.A., LL.D., "The United States: (2) The Fight for the Constitution."

SUMMER Festival and Conference on Rudolf Steiner's Education. July 2–4. Michael House, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.

LEBANON Hospital, nr. Beirut—43rd Annual Meeting of this pioneer mental hospital, Th., July 1st, 5 p.m., Westway Hotel, Endsleigh St., W.C.1. Brig.-Gen. Sir Wyndham Deedes, C.M.G., D.S.O., in Chair; Sir H. Bond, K.B.E., M.D., Sen. Com. Board of Control; Mr. Hourani ("Present Conditions in Lebanon"). Those interested cordially invited.

### Lectures—continued

WOMEN'S Conference: India. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Sat., June 26th, 2.30 to 7.45. Chair: Mrs. [illegible] & Miss M. Whately, L.C.C. Indian and Brit. Women Speakers. Delegates and Visitors. Indian Women's Com., India League, 165 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 3680.

SCOTTISH-Polish Society, London Branch. A meeting to discuss, with Professor W. J. Rose, M.A. (Oxon.), Ph.D. (Crac.), "Poland's Place in Europe," will be held in the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, W.1, on Friday, July 2nd, at 6 p.m. Admission free.

"LABOUR'S Party Conference and After." Herbert Morrison will address Labour Party officers, members and supporters at Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, this Sunday, June 27th, at 3.30 p.m. Admission free. Reserved seat tickets, 1*s.*, from London Labour Party, 258-262 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

INTERNATIONAL Arts Centre, 22 St. Petersburgh Place, W.2. June 25th, "Poets of To-day: III." Poems by Edwin Muir, Richard Church, Edith Sitwell and Herbert Read. June 29th, Dr. Helen Rosenau on French paintings in the 19th Century (slides). July 2nd, Ruthven Todd on "English Romantic Art." All at 7.30. Admission 2*s.*

SPEECH Fellowship, 9 Fitzroy Square, W.1. Sat., June 26th, 2.30. Subject: "A New Outlook on Speech Education." Collection. Tea.

"NEW Ideas in Military Science," by Mr. N. Barraclough, B.Sc., Science (Res.) Soc., 3rd meeting, Alliance Hall (next to Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1), on Wed., June 30th, 6.30 p.m. Adm. 2*s.*, Services free.

INDIA. Public Meeting. "Parties, Groups and Policies." Speaker, Suresh Vaidya, on Sun., June 27th, at 4.30 p.m., at Swaraj House, 32 Percy St. (off Tottenham Court Rd.), W.1. All welcome.

THE Order of the Rose Cross. Why is Man living, and what is his destiny? Uncertainty is transformed to constructive purpose. Send 1*d.* stamp for free literature. Public service (alt. Sun., 11 a.m.). June 27th: The Teaching of Paracelsus. The Rosicrucian Fellowship, 35 Cranley Gdns., London, S.W.7.

"PROFESSIONAL Standards and Present-day Demands on Social Workers." Miss S. Clement Brown (London School of Econs.), on Mon., June 28th, at 7 p.m., at Kingsway Hall, W.C.2. Socialist Social Workers Assoc.

ANIMALS in Chinese Art at the Berkeley Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Daily, 10–5. Sat., 10–1. Sundays, 2.30–5, for United Aid to China Fund.

VICKY'S famous anti-Fascist cartoons. Exhibition Modern Art Gallery, 24 Charles II St., S.W.1, June 30th to July 28th, week-days 10—5.30, Sat. 10—1. Proceeds to Jt. Com. for Soviet Aid Stalingrad Hospital Fund (regd. under War Charities Act, 1940). Also paintings by Eng. and French Impressionists and Picasso.

EXHIBITION. The March Towards Freedom from Want. Monday, June 21st-Saturday, July 3rd. The Housing Centre, 13 Suffolk St., Pall Mall, S.W.1. Weekdays, 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. (Closed to the Public, Tuesdays, 12.30-2.30 p.m.) Admission free. Exhibition sponsored by Civil Service Clerical Association. Sir W. Beveridge has sent his best wishes to this Exhibition.

EXHIBITION of Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, and other Venetian 18th century Master Drawings. The Arcade Gallery, Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond Street, W.1. June 25th—July 24th; daily 10—5, Sat. 10.—1. Adm. free.

### Where to Stay and Restaurant

EAT any time before 10.30 p.m. at Greek Restaurant (Jupiter's Pillars), 32 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2. Room for parties. Lunch, Tea, Dinner. Two mins. Holborn or Covent Garden Tube. HOL 6283. C. Demetriou.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

A SHORT rest and change will enable many people to carry on. Lovely and peaceful surroundings, a tranquil atmosphere, Tennis, Squash, and many unique features await you at Langdale Estate (N), Gt. Langdale, Nr. Ambleside. Tel.: Grasmere 82.

### Schools and Educational

BADMINTON School, Lynmouth, N. Devon. Junior and Senior Schools. High standard of education in atmosphere of security and calm.

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PUBLIC and Preparatory Schools Year Book. Official Book of Headmasters' Conference and Association of Preparatory Schools. Consult re Schools, Careers, etc., 11*s.* 1*d.* by post. Deane & Sons, 31 Museum St., W.C.1.

### Specialised Training

SPEECH training. Individual development. Speciality nervous types. Box 602.

THE BEDFORD Physical Training College. Principal: Miss Stansfeld. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of training extends over 3 years. Fee £165 per annum.

### Appointments Vacant and Wanted

*None of the vacancies for women advertised in this journal relates to a woman between 18 and 41 unless such a woman (a) has living with her a child of hers under the age of 14, or (b) is registered under the Blind Persons Acts, or (c) has a Ministry of Labour permit to allow her to obtain employment by individual effort.*

CAMBRIDGESHIRE Education Committee. Applications are invited from men or women for the post of County Juvenile Employment Officer. Candidates must have good educational qualifications and appropriate experience. Salary £300 per annum, rising by annual increments of £15 to a maximum of £360, plus War Bonus. In fixing the beginning salary, allowance will be made for previous experience. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained, on receipt of stamped, addressed, foolscap envelope, from the Education Secretary, Shire Hall, Cambridge, to whom applications should be returned not later than July 10th.

ESSEX Education Committee. Government Evacuation Scheme. Assistant Matron required at Cleeve Hall, Manuden, near Bishop's Stortford, a hostel for 24 problem children, ages 5–14. Experience in care of children and real interest in their readjustment necessary. Salary £80 per annum, or according to qualifications, plus war bonus on County scale, and full board. Applications, together with recent testimonials, should be sent, not later than June 25th, to B. E. Lawrence, Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London.) Applications are invited for the temporary appointment for the Session 1943–44 of an Assistant in Economics, whose duties will be concerned chiefly with classes in Economic Theory and tutorial work for first-year students. Salary £300 per annum. Applicants should send full particulars of their academic qualifications and experience, with the names of three referees, to the Acting Sec., London School of Economics, The Hostel, Peterhouse, Cambridge.

THE London Council of Social Service invites Applications for the Post of General Secretary. Candidates should have had considerable experience of social work and of administration in voluntary organisations and/or statutory bodies. The post will be temporary for the duration of the war, or permanent, according to the qualification of the candidate, and the salary from £600–£700 per annum. Letters of application, together with three copies of testimonials, must be received by post before July 5th, by Acting Sec., 7 Bayley St., W.C.1.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE. Rendcomb College, Nr. Cirencester. Required for September, master or mistress to teach French throughout the school to H.S.C., resident post. No married quarters available. Subsidiary English or Latin. Sal. according to exp., not less than Burnham. Govt. pension scheme. Apply to Headmaster.

B.B.C. has vacancies for language typists in its Norwegian Services. The work consists of copy typing and dictation on to the machine in the Norwegian language, and applications will be considered from candidates who are not experienced typists but are willing to undergo further training. Applicants may be of either sex, and need not be of British nationality. Applications, with full details of age and experience, should be sent to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. Envlps. must be marked "Norwegian Typists."

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester, Department of Adult Education. Applications are invited from men and women for the appointment of Staff Tutor at Vaughan College, which is exclusively devoted to Adult Education. Qualifications in Social Science, History or Literature desirable. Salary £350 to £400 (with superannuation) according to experience. Application forms (which must be returned by July 3) and further partics. may be obtained from H. A. Silverman, Vaughan College, Leicester.

WAR service with the Y.W.C.A. Leaders and Assistants needed in Clubs for women in H.M. Forces in many parts of country. Knowledge of catering, snack cookery and/or ability to organise informal recreation. Salaries £80–£150 resident; non-resident to scale. Interviews can generally be arranged locally. Women under 41 can be accepted for these posts subject to obtaining a permit from the Ministry of Labour. Applicants (not over 55 years) should write to the Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. National Offices, 16 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

SECRETARY-Assistant required for Technical Library in Essential War Works, ¾-hour from London. Typing essential, previous library experience preferred. No person within the scope of the Employment of Women (Control of Engagement) Order, 1943, need apply. Write stating age, exp. and sal. required to Box W.743, Willings, 362 Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1.

KING Alfred School, Flint Hall Farm, Royston, Herts., needs, in Sept., resident master for upper school teaching and charge of boys' dormitory (ages 11-14), and woman teacher, Froebel preferred, for lower school and possibly some upper school teaching. Specialist subjects needed: Biology, Geography, Latin. Apply Secretary.

JUNIOR School Group Teacher urgently needed by prog. school country. Box 599.

SMALL prog. school offers undergrad (M. or F.) interesting, varied work, July to Sept.; adaptable, practical, domesticated. Board and P.M. Photo. Freemount, Bacton, Hereford.

PHILATELIC Exporter operating from farmhouse, rural village, 10 miles Tunbridge Wells, reqs. capable sec. (exempt). Shd. Typg., Accts., Roneo. Gd. sal., interesting bus. in ideal surrounds. F. B. Turpin, Horsmonden, Kent.

### Appointments—continued

RESIDENT Master (or Mistress) required [illegible] Sixth Form [illegible]. Apply with testimonials and photograph, [illegible] School.

URGENTLY Wanted. Energetic Veg. cook/help, [illegible] modern house, 6 guests summer months, [illegible] done, own produce; if permanent, extra leisure rest year. Good salary, privileges for expert. If married husband could work [illegible] or child come. Baker, [illegible], Looe.

WANTED. A "tough nut" to act as part-time Warden (Man) for developing East End Club. Apply Williams, 80a Stoke Newington Road, N.16. (CLIssold [illegible].)

WANTED. Children's nurse. Girl 18 mths. Baby expected. Comfortable farmhouse home and good salary. Foreigner or Jewess welcome. Exemption probable. Box 667.

WORKING Housekeeper, family of three. Good home and wages, modern house. Page, 19 Elmwood, Welwyn Garden City.

AUGUST-Sept. governess comp. wanted boy eight, farm cot., Oxon. Able cook breakfast, walk, bike. Help swimming, gardening, fruit picking, harvest, appreciated but opt. Box 619.

WANTED, Children's Holiday House, Hampstead, Cook-Housekeeper, June-Sept. or for shorter period. Mostly week-end work. Warden, 47 Rotherhithe St., S.E.16.

BRISTOL Mother with child required to take part care of boy age 2. Accommodation, furnished or unfurnished, and small salary offered. Mother full-time social worker. References given and required. Woodbridge, 9 The Paragon, Bristol.

CHRISTIAN Pacifist Land Units have vacancies for employment under County War Agricultural Executives or Farmers and in afforestation. Christian Pacifists with or without land experience write, Secretary, Room 16 (N.S.), Kingsway Hall, London, W.C.2.

WOULD horse-lover (woman) tend 4 (1 stabled), Aug./Sept. or part, enable Inst. Horse Inst. rest? No teaching, light job. Wld. make delightful hol. right per. Comf. house, lovely surroundings. Honorarium. Full partics., please. Nugent-Thorp, St. Margaret's School, Llandebie, Carms.

GENTLEMAN requires services of cook-general, age 40–50, bright and efficient, to undertake all duties connected with running of 4-room flat. Send full particulars, and, if possible, copy of references (not originals) to H. Ibbetson, Flat 17, 9 Weymouth St., W.1.

OXFORD student graduating July, Politics and Economics, considerable office experience, seeks remunerative post, London area, July, August, September. Box 678.

DOES any progressive school want French-German woman teacher? Exp. schools. Neutral alien. Box 812.

FRENCH Lady, exc. teacher, experienced, seeks post in good school, Sept. Box 666.

C.O. (33), seeks gardening work. Exp. and efficnt. Know. bldg. maint. Home Counties, Wilts, Hants or Oxon pref. Box 663.

P.O.W. Officer's wife, trained nurse, with boy (5), seeks companionable post, help with house and/or children. Box 655.

ACTIVE Scotchwoman (exempt) would look after household affairs for someone doing war work. Capable housekeeper—accounts—typing if necessary. Free mid-June. Box 668.

### Personal

WANTED. Good second-hand short fishing rod with accessories for boy eleven. Send price, particulars to Mrs. J. B. Priestley, 3 Whitehall Court, S.W.1.

BOOKS, especially Wild Westerns and thrillers, wtd. for sm. military hospital. Please communicate with V.A.D. in Charge, Camp Reception Station, 10 Pembridge Square, W.2.

DOUGLAS Glass specialises in lively and natural photos of children. Country visits arranged, WEStern 2336, 10 Pembroke Sq., W.8.

WILL someone realising the importance of the rising generation help mother, whose two maids have been taken, in caring, cooking, for 4 children under 7. Daily help for rough. Goodman, Stonehouse, Finstall, near Bromsgrove.

ART student would like another to join her, sketching holiday Cornwall, August; or would be glad to join some such party. Box 644.

FURNITURE. Why not lend to careful user instead expensive storing? Box 651.

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FRENCH taught conversationally by exper. Parisian. Henri Bernot, 7 Gwynn House, Lower Sloane St., S.W.1. (SLO 3851.)

GERMAN Postal Course. Advanced only. Partics., Dr. Posener, 122 Wardour St., W.1.

WATCHES, wanted, new, old, disused, or out of order. Top prices paid. Send registered. Cash or offer by return. Kay's (N.S.), 19 Hopwood Ave., Manchester, 4.

ANIMALS in Algeria and Tunisia suffer from neglected sores and injuries. Will you help? Society for Protection of Animals in North Africa. (President: Duchess of Portland), 96 Blandford Street, London, W.1.

OUR fighting men in times of adversity after Service may count on the help of the British Legion. A legacy to Haig's Fund, Cardigan House, Richmond, Surrey, will benefit *all* ranks of *all* services; their families too.

ENVLP. Reseal Labels, 250 3*s.*, 500 5*s.* Hodgson (Dept. N), Printer, Bradford.

THE Modern Churchmen's Union. President, Sir Cyril Norwood, D.Litt. Christianity needs interpretation in light of scholarship, literary, historical and scientific. The union offers fellowship to those who "follow the argument wherever it leads." "The Modern Churchman" quart. and other lit. Confs. Hon. Sec. Steeple Claydon Vicarage, Bletchley, Bucks.

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# THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

TWENTY-SIXTH VOLUME (New Series) JULY 3rd to DECEMBER 25th, 1943

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